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RALEIGH



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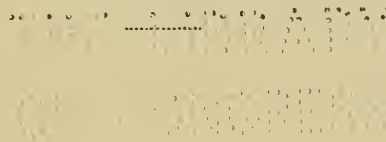




**The  
Dramatic and Poetical  
Works**

of

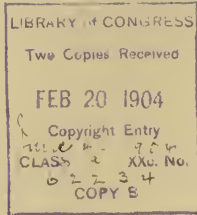
**Stephen Walter Raleigh**



Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

U. S. N. A.

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## PREFACE.

**T**HIS book has been prepared with the object in view of considering the present and future needs of the reader. The work is composed of a few selections extracted from the author's manuscript.

In the first edition there will appear a drama, poems, acrostics, also several parts extracted from "Humanity Lost," and a complete glossary for names contained in this volume. The information here presented will increase the fund of knowledge of the reader. The mastery of its contents will leave the reader with a consciousness that he has acquired knowledge that will make him self-helpful.

It is a safe and correct guide to good morals and noble aspirations, two things which all humanity should desire to attain.

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## NOTES.

Notes of Drama and Poems. In this edition will appear only the V and VI Book of Humanity Lost. Drama I contains the entire Seventh Book. The I and VI Scene is written on The Beginning of Things and Time ; II, III, IV and V on The Rebellion in Heaven. Scene VI is continued from Scene I, VII, on the Golden Age. VIII, on Paradise.

Those eight Scenes are all of the first Act only.

Scenes I and II of Act II, are the starting Scenes of Humanity Lost. Those two Scenes of Act named above also start The Beginning and End of All Flesh, thus continued in Drama II.

There is in this edition a few collections on some of the greatest writers the world has ever produced, and a few collections on many of our most noted talented and accomplished Americans of great fame, who thus bring into our American and European homes, much satiety, though silent and pensive we survive, when we come to realize that many of them have passed away.

Please notice that there are four parts extracted from Book V, Humanity Lost, which are furnished with careful explication, each Number I, II, III, IV, and Part A of Scene VII., Act I.

## NOTES.

Extracted from Book V, Humanity Lost.

### I.

“ The king of rapid crime, on his  
Carriage ride, that to thrones  
Tormented the seat of nations.”

“ The king of rapid crime ” is Satan on the carriage of sin thus tormenting thrones of kingdoms. “ The seat of nations ” means the seat of both kingdoms and republics. What is meant by tormenting the throne of kingdoms and seat of nations is wars, rumors of wars, riots, destruction of life and property, blockading traffic and mail circulation which thus result from unlawful people.

### II.

” The maker, the suit, the frame,  
The mantel of mortal days, visible to  
Us, attractive, enticing, allurement,  
Thus feeding skillfully on the  
Tender meadows of youth.”

The maker is Satan, he is the maker of the suit of sin we wear. The frame is the mortal body. The mantel is the ornament of this life, the grandeur of this world. “ Visible to us ” means sin is before our eyes every day visible. “ Attractive, enticing, allurement ” means that Satan is constantly before us, tempting us, offering us all the grandeur and riches if we will obey him. “ Thus feeding skillfully on the tender meadows of youth ” means that Satan is very sly and skillful at his work in tempting people who are not inclined to sin, who labor hard to crush evil thus very slow to yield to the tempter. Satan is required to be very sly and skillful in order to make them obey him.

## NOTES.

“ The tender meadows of youth ” means the child so tender in life, so easy to be tempted and led to evil. “ Meadows ” means comparing thus to the low degraded world of sin, thus leading the tender child to its grave of woe and sorrow. To eternity it moves most rapid and pensive

---

### III.

“ The seed of Adam, the silky prime of three  
Hundred and fifty bells, enticeing, productive,  
The stalk of ten hundred and fifty  
Bells. ”

The seed of Adam is like unto one grain of corn planted in rich soil which produced a stalk that will produce three ears of corn of a medium size; one ear of corn of a medium size will produce on an average three hundred and fifty grains. “The silky prime,” the silk of an ear of corn appears before the ear does and remains with the ear of corn until harvest when the corn is gathered and stored away in the barn. “Prime” means the chief original product of the stalk which is produced from the one grain of corn planted in the soil. “Three hundred and fifty bells” means the three hundred and fifty grains of corn on one ear of corn. What is meant by “bells” is the grains of corn first before the ear matures, are round and attractive, like the body of little bells. “Enticing” means corn of any age is a valuable produce, greatly admired by everybody, the thousands of people who love corn as food. When marketing, corn is so enticing that they are more likely to purchase more corn than any other produce. “Productive,” means the stalk is the product of the one grain of corn planted in the soil, which bears three ears of corn of a medium size, each ear will produce three hundred and fifty grains. “The stalk of ten hundred and fifty bells,” means the stock of the entire product of the one grain of corn, planted in rich soil, which would be ten hundred and fifty grains. Take ten hundred and fifty

## NOTES.

grains and plant them in rich soil, each grain will produce a stalk of three ears of corn, ten hundred and fifty grains. Calculate what the product will be of ten hundred and fifty grains planted in rich soil. Each grain will produce a stalk of three ears, each ear will produce three hundred and fifty grains. Ten hundred and fifty stalks will produce three thousand one hundred and fifty ears of corn, each ear will produce three hundred and fifty grains.

## *Errata.*

On page 23, the second line of Sonnet should read,  
" It is hard "

On page 125, the word " chandles " should be  
" challenge."

On page 130, the word "supress" should be "suppress."

## NOTES.

Explication of Part A, extracted from Scene VII,  
Act I, Drama I, Book VII.

*Cad.* One moment, Athamas ; I hear the wretched  
Songs of Satan ; O how they do remorse  
'The temples bereaved, I must relent,  
Or I'll thus quoth he on his satiety.

“ The wretched songs of Satan ” denotes his fullness of joy and great satisfaction to realize that he was so successful in leading thousands of spirits in heaven to follow him in a rebellion. “ The temples bereaved ” were once the royal temples of the rebelled spirits ; when the spirits fell, the temples fell with them. They are bereaved, because they are lost ; they can never be regained. The spirits of those temples are sorry that they ever allowed themselves to be misled by Satan. Therefore, the songs of Satan doth greatly remorse those temples.



## NOTES

### IV.

“ The power of omnipotence, descended,  
Confused all mankind, confounded  
Their tongues, thee seed of Shinar,  
Their products broadcasted,  
That, over the world Babylonians  
Fled.”

The power of omnipotence, God was displeased with the descendants of Noah who settled in the land of Shinar, when they began to build the tower of Babel to reach unto Heaven, he descended with great power and confounded their language. “ Confused all mankind,” they were greatly confused because they could not understand each other. At that time the world was of one language, so they were compelled to leave off building the tower. “ Confounded their tongues,” God confounded their language.” The seed of Shinar, their products broadcasted.” The seed of Shinar was scattered all over the world. “Over the world Babylonians fled.” The descendants of Noah in the land of Shinar are the first Babylonians because they were the first and only people who settled in the land of Shinar and built the tower to reach unto Heaven, and gave it the name Babel or Babylon, and where the tower stood the city of Babylon was built, which was the capital of the Babylon kingdom. The Babylonian kingdom was founded in the land of Shinar, therefore the first settlers in the land of Shinar after the flood are the first and original Babylonian people.

Most sincerely, I remain,

STEPHEN WALTER RALEIGH.

## GLOSSARY

for the Dramatic Names of this Play.

Drama I., Book VII.

*Æthra*. A goddess of the dawn, and daughter of the king of Troezen.

*Ægeus*. One of the gods of the sea.

*Argus*. Belongs to group of myths of the heavens.

*Artemis*. A goddess of the woods. She was recognized above all her nymphs who attended her, to be very tall and most beautiful and much accomplished.

*Athamas*. Belongs to the group of myths of the sun.

*Apollo*. One of the gods of the sun.

*Adam*. The first man created.

*Able*. The son of Adam.

*Bellerophon*. Belongs to group of sun myths.

*Cronus*. The god of time. He belonged to the group of the beautiful Titans. There were six of them, they were all brothers ; also there were six sisters, goddesses, who were called Titanides. Cronus dethroned his father Uranus, slew him. He himself became the ruler over the world.

*Chimera*. Belongs to group of myths of demons of darkness.

*Cadmus*. One of the sun gods.

## GLOSSARY.

- Cain.* A son of Adam.
- Danae.* Belongs to group of earth myths.
- Eve.* The first woman, the wife of Adam.
- Eros.* The god of love, belongs to the group of sun myths.
- Gaea.* A goddess of the earth.
- Gabriel.* One of the archangels of heaven.
- Hera.* Belongs to group of myths of the heavens.
- Helios.* One of the gods of the sun.
- Idas.* The brave and noble hero, the husband of Marpessa
- Lucifer.* Satan, who was the commander-in-chief of the rebellion in heaven Now the king of hell, the founder of all crime.
- Michael.* One of the archangels of heaven.
- Medusa.* Belongs to the myths of the demons of darkness.
- Mindaur.* Belongs the group of myths, of demons of darkness.
- Marpessa.* The most beautiful daughter of Evenus, one of the Grecian Kings
- Minos.* One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Hell.
- Nereus.* Belongs to myths of the waters, one of the sea gods.
- Poseidon.* Belongs to group of myths of the waters, the sea god.
- Persephone.* Was carried off by Pluto She was the beautiful daughter of Demeter, the goddess of the earth.

## GLOSSARY.

*Pluto.* Belongs to the myths of the lower world he is the god of the kingdom of darkness

*Promethens.* Belongs to group of fire myths.

*Phocus.* One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Hell.

*Rhea.* Belongs to group of myths of the earth.

*Rhadamanthus.* The President Judge, of the Supreme Court of hell.

*Semele.* Belongs to group of myths of the earth

*Sirens.* Belongs to myths of the waters.

*Uranus.* Belongs to myths of the heavens. He was the first king, over the other gods, of Mount Olympus.

*Zeus.* Made war with his father Cronus. After ten years' hard fighting he succeeded to dethrone Cronus his father, and became king himself over all the other gods of the heavens, the myths of Mount Olympus.

Ten of the Heavenly ranks of War. Is ten archangels, of the rebellion in heaven.

The Ten Titans. Five of them are gods and five of them are goddesses, which are called Titanides.

Ten Demons of Hell are Satan's ten invisible agents.

Ten Terrestrial Spirits are the ten visible spirits of earth.

The Hundred-Armed and One-Eyed Brothers, are the ugly children of king Uranus and Gaea. They had each of them either a hundred arms or only one eye, they were as big as mountains and very frightful, which made them so hideous.

By STEPHEN WALTER RALEIGH.

# SONNETS.

I.

Written in 1898.



PAY  
THY WAY,  
THEN OBEY  
THE SABBATH DAY,  
AND NEVER BETRAY  
SWEET VIRTUE'S TRUE RAY.  
EVER FORELAY,  
I WILL SAY,  
THY WAY  
PAY.



## SONNETS.

### II.

Written at the age of 13.

Winter is the cold breath,  
Spring is the life,  
Summer the strife,  
And the autumn is death.

\*\*\*\*\*

### III.

Written at the age of 12.

May the grace of our Lord be with us,  
And all thanks in honor to God.  
And the love of the blessed Jesus,  
Saviour, the Holy Ghost we nod.  
Lead us nearer thy door,  
Now and forever more. Amen.

## SONNETS.

### IV.

Written at the age of 11.

Now unto thee I cry,  
Jesus who came to die,  
For poor sinners like me,  
Lost on life's frantic sea

.....

### V.

Written at the age of 10.

Night last, my dreams contented roll,  
My drifting thoughts thus bore away ;  
They did soar beyond my control,  
On angel wings till break of day.

## SONNETS.

### VI.

Written at the age of 12.

O my lord,  
It is is hard,  
Thy ways to forget.  
Remember us,  
Our free faith will let,  
O, thou Jesus.  
Now let us pay,  
Our debts to day.  
And feast on love  
Through Christ above.

---

### VII.

Written at the age of 12.

O ! just beign,  
Through faith seen,  
Now save us,  
Dear Jesus.



## SONNETS.

### VIII.

Written at the age of 13.

There's a tireless gull of the sea,  
Beaming down his tender sigh,  
Upon the anger roar I see,  
Till life's lasting date must die.

\*\*\*\*\*

### IX.

Written at the age of 14.

Our good shepherds lead,  
Our foreign flocks feed,  
Our domestic herds breed,  
Our mountain deers speed,  
Positively, that's not amiss,  
Though love is lost without a kiss.

## SONNETS.

### X.

Written at the age of 16.

Natural mountain rocks spring not,  
Canorous birds sing not,  
The noted deaf ears ring not,'  
O say my dear, that's all amiss.

-----

### XI.

Written at the age of 16

Our groans are deep,  
Often we weep.  
Over the heep,  
We sadly peep.  
O my dear, that's not amiss.

## SONNETS.

### XII.

Written November 1902.

To the slaughter herds are speeding,  
In the slaughter ewes are bleeding,  
Lovers of perjury denying,  
Truth on stand our courts are defying.  
Bold lovers of dark deeds there lying,  
In their brutal shame are dying.  
Law, be the prince, and lover of justice,  
Evidence of criminals be not trice.  
Ye the weight of shame undergo,  
Dark wretched crime your visage know.

## SONNETS.

### XIII.

Written at the age of 18.

Our inspiring meeting poor swains,  
Shall greet thee on the merry plains.  
The pious youth from us is fled,  
All jealous lovers be not dead.

.....

### XIV.

Written 1903.

There is no worth of idle test,  
The floating characters of thine eyes,  
Doth bring to knowledge no surprise,  
Scarce ye prone rehearse wanted rest.  
I trust ye bathe in liberty,  
Where noble stars lie still and free,  
Though on the compass of thine eye,  
All kind of objects breathe and die.  
Echoes yet mourn your merry horn,  
And but leaps, thus of late forlorn.

SONNETS.

XV.

Written at the age of 15.

A thousand lovers cannot hold,  
My heart in soft impression mold,  
For the springs of my veins are cold,  
And I thus remain uncontrol'd.

.....

XVI

Written at the age of 11.

My heart's history be not strange,  
Though many wants remote, I range.  
My chastity, my years unripe,  
Leaves but suits of a mortal type.

SONNETS.

XVI.

On the State of Maine

Written 1884.



MAINE,  
NO STAIN,  
NOR COMPLAIN,  
WITH THEE REMAIN.  
I NOW TRUTHFULLY CAN EXPLAIN  
I BEAR NO LOVE FOR THEE IN PAIN.  
WHY THINK IN VAIN,  
THEE TO TRAIN,  
THY REIGN,  
MAINE.



# HUMANITY LOST.

## BOOK V.

First of all, the Creator's love became  
So intense for the work of his hands, he saw  
That it was good, which led to the creation  
Of Eden, thence to the creation of man.  
The first parents of all mankind, now ranks of  
Millions, bearing the honor of  
Omnipotent love, thus rapidly  
Marching to us, with a love, stronger  
Than the love of Alceste, who laid down  
Her life for Admetus. Disobedience,  
Directly leads to terrestrial revolts,  
Constantly breeding wars on us,  
Visible, and invisible. The beautiful  
Temple to Acræa, by Melampus, on the  
Mountain visible to Argos, cannot  
Be compared to the temple, Satan  
In vain strove to win. The covetous  
Ranks, the host led by Lucifer,  
Moved the tribes of Moloch, that  
In revolt against the Seat of Justice.  
They screen not the crime of ages, but  
Feed on lust, where unsuccessful  
Fountains lie, ranks of terrestrial veins,  
First, move in revolt against the seat of  
Omnipotence, at once, the mighty host  
Of celestial beings rose in arms to defend  
The bar of justice. All the sullen tribes of  
Hell, can create no longer? revolts in heaven,  
The battlefield of Satan, exist in the sphere  
We reside. Thousands of years since, the  
Unsuccessful wars in heaven, the tempter e're  
Wreaked on all mankind his loss, since  
Banished from heaven, his flight to hell,  
Then, the everlasting declaration of peace,  
Was declared in heaven, since the creation  
Of man, Satan in the shape of a serpent,  
Tempted the woman, persuaded the man,

## HUMANITY LOST.

To declare war against the Creator, and  
All heaven, then, ever since bloody wars  
With us prevail, visible and invisible. The  
Envious chief of hell, his hatred towards the  
Creator, his wretched crime, breeds on us  
Terrestrial revolts. Our innocent parents, first  
Without knowledge, in the happy garden  
Of Eden, their first disobedience, brought  
Into the world, the wretched wars which once,  
Existed in heaven unsuccessful. Satan  
The sullen chief of hell, whose love for obedience  
Cannot be compared to the love of Ananias  
Of Salamis. First, lay down the stroke of  
Revenge, graze in happy ravines, feed not,  
Where inhuman fountains lie, brand the  
Light of success, then over tormented stars  
Brood, till feeble sinews of passionate knees  
Bend. They contemplate on storage of  
Lust, on us, deterrent, their shadows  
Break, that to set adrift, the innocent of  
Tender days, say reverse the king of  
Rapid crime, on his carriage ride, that to  
Thrones tormented, the seat of nations.  
In the sphere we reside, criminals of  
Hell, are sentenced by the court  
Of Phocis, before the bar of Minos, the seat of  
Rhadamanthus. I see multitudes  
Insurmountable, charging on the bridle  
Line of battle, that to blend, their  
Insuperable armies held at bay, demons of  
War, the wretched tribes of impurity. They  
Nibble over harmonical bars of innocence,  
That to blemish, not the lack of  
Insipidity, seven times, on the cold steel  
Of night, ancient heroes, at the head of  
Celestial ranks, the bulk of war, step  
By step, voluntarily moving into numbers,  
That slowly, then through the dale, keen  
On harmonic skill, thus determined  
The notable tailor, the maker, the suit,  
The frame, the mantle of mortal days,  
Visible to us, attractive, enticing,



## HUMANITY LOST.

Allurement, thus feeding skillfully on  
The tender meadows of youth. The seed  
Of Adam, the silky prime of three  
Hundred and fifty bells, enticing,  
Productive, the stalk of ten hundred  
And fifty bells, we are summoned before  
The court of honor, the seat of justice,  
The bar of redemption. Say the veil  
Of heaven, the curtain of love, hides  
Nothing from our view. The level  
Grades of a thousand seasons, thus  
Breeding on us. I see silly forts of  
Brindled ranks, that to blemish, before  
The plains of Prometheus, the angry  
Zeus, on bearings of impatient minutes,  
Soon found himself flashing into war,  
Then the bulk of arrows, driven by the  
Bow of Heracles, delivered Prometheus  
I see a mighty host of archangels,  
Flashing into golden flames, that,  
By gorgeous fountains harmonious, for  
Under heaven there's no beauty to be  
Compared to the beauty of the  
Host I see, no, no, nor the beauty of  
Marpessa, on her royal carriage fly,  
That, to become the happy bride of Idas.  
I see discontented ranks of demons,  
Sadly trailing through the vaulted  
Doom of woe, that, like the beautiful  
Persephone, in the dark kingdom of  
Pluto. They torment our peace, the  
Sommiloquest dame, prancing on  
Discontented piers, thus stealing  
Down the narrow trail, to exacerbation,  
There pealing the angry current of woe  
The deep unknown fathoms in  
Our souls, there breeding discontented  
Worms in mortal caves, that to feed  
On our tender nerve, the bulk of  
Shame, they continue to toil in  
Rotten furrows of crime, the shallow  
Ravines of chaos, thus plowing through

## HUMANITY LOST.

Pain, who's agents we cannot esteem  
The loss of Satan we bear, his wretched  
Crime we cannot ignore, our first  
Parents, the first slaves to hell, there  
Belched up flames of disobedience  
On us. We cannot voluntarily  
Harmonize with gentle deeds, softly,  
Tenderly, feeding where pure fountains  
Lie. Their woven deeds in robes dark,  
On us determined, thus scaling the  
Mortal keel, many fathoms deep in  
Merry lakes. I see they tamper with  
Innocent veins of metallic ore, that to feed  
On plunder, the stealth of mortal  
Crime, they exasperate the nerve of  
Tender breeding, escape tho' we may,  
Many dangers, speeding on us. We're not  
The children, first intended, yet in war  
There's some heroic deeds, branded  
On the garment of pain where  
Unsuccessful fires penetrate not.  
At the head of rebelled ranks, thus  
Scouting the happy bars of heaven, his  
Loss thus torments the carriage of mortal  
Peace, the burden, the yoke of pain we  
Bear till immortal days on us roll.  
I see the canorous sphere of love, trailing  
On harmonic wing of omnipotence.  
Within the happy sphere, desirous  
Creatures of mortal love can reside,  
It's a mortal sphere, voluntarily trailing  
Through the dark empires of earth,  
Then through the vaulted kingdom  
Of Pluto. To all mankind many profess  
Sincerely, obedience to the seat of omnipotence,  
All mankind, they deceive, but the  
King of omnipotence, they cannot  
Deceive. No temple on earth, can  
Survive everlasting, nor the famous  
Town of Greece, the beautiful Athens,  
Then between Poseidon and Athens  
Strife arose, war thus began,  
Malice was bent the bow of desperate

## HUMANITY LOST.

Revenge, compared to revolts in heaven.  
O, say, a star on the face of night  
Visible to immortal spiers, throned  
Above, the image of power, too  
Brilliant for lower fires. Wretched demons  
Of unsuccessful wars in heaven, must  
Retreat, from the pure empyrean,  
The orb which surveys the gulf,  
Between victory and loss, appealed to  
Omnipotent arms, then the fall of  
Satan, banished from heaven,  
Forever sentenced to hell, his flight  
To the new created world, there  
Belched upon all mankind,  
His wretched curse, thus creating  
Terrestrial wars, invisible, yet  
Visible, the victorious host resound  
Forever blessed, where happy fountains dream  
On the bosom of woe, then rose the  
Gloom, the unpardon shadow of  
Fate, all rebelled ranks, thus  
Transported to never return,  
Destruction determined on us, lost  
Without grace, we must repent,  
Time's too short for consideration  
O, say, look in the lattice, thou tellest  
The face twisted in crime, correct  
Mistakes, the weight of vice, bearing  
On the mortal scales of hope, the  
Power of Omnipotence, descended,  
Confused all mankind, confounded  
Their tongues, the seed of Shinar,  
Their products broadcasted, that  
Over the world Babalonian's fled.  
Existing darkness invisibly roll, thus  
Feeding on the pillow of superstition,  
Not sublimity.  
They are sirs of idle thrones, and  
Sullen lords of pagan empires. O, say,  
Exterminate all confederate ranks of  
Pagan wars. Aboard the bark of woe,  
On the deck of pain, at the helm  
Of hope, we weather a thousand seas.

## HUMANITY LOST.

The hurricane roar,  
The sooner be o'er.  
There forever more,  
Invisible shore,  
We shall see,  
In the lea,  
Liberty  
Of the free.

They breed on us many a fate, unknown,  
Their desire mound on our facade,  
They cannot avail ? they unsuccessfully  
March to battle with the happy bride  
Of war, the beautiful bell of day.  
On wretched isles, my sorrow doth gaze,  
Leaving my heart alone, that to mourn on  
Parting grief, the crime of merry wars  
Feast on desire, the lust of ages. O thou  
Beautiful dial of the sun, measure our  
Thoughts on the wing of hope, I'm the  
Guilty child, pressing the bloody sword,  
Thus in the barrier of my teeth. The  
Royal princely Odysseus, on the trail  
Of wisdom, thus bearing not on the yoke  
Of tender minutes, the annual pest of  
Revenge, they shape the arrows of war,  
They drill on contemptible fields,  
Uncultivated, their dreams, nine  
Times, torments the bell of night,  
That, in grief, on the gallows of Cain,  
Sweeps generations to dust. They at  
The palace door, there seated on  
Polished hides, "O, feel not offense," I say,  
For things to relish thy taste, may  
Mercifully feed on thy tender thoughts,  
That around the heavens from west  
To east, on the immortal face of  
Zodiac. O, say, can they introduce  
Their thoughts, to the wise Anchialus,  
The lord of oar-loving Tahhians,  
Or the clear-eyed Athene, the bronze,  
Of the pagan age. Those numbers

## HUMANITY LOST.

Skilled in war, of silly days, on desire,  
Not peacefully, thus breathed on us,  
Their loss, the burden of woe, the belt  
Of pain, the garments of shame, the  
Sword of blood, the shield of dust,  
The doom of death, we must bear.  
Ah ! say, at Mycenæ, the hero  
Amphitryon, there came to ask for  
The hand of Alcmene in marriage,  
Then the unintentional murderer,  
To Thebes fled, thus purged from  
The stain, he many sacrifices bore, that  
On the trail of thought, must decline on  
Grief in vain. Twist the monster, turn  
The key, then through the door of  
Heaven march, in haste salute the  
Heir of memory, thou hast not yet, laid  
Away the fighting gear, nor laid  
Down in the rear, the note of retreat,  
I say, in gentle words, beguile the suitors,  
For it's all tarnished, the foul scent  
Of war, in peace, they cannot roll the  
Merry ball, the orb of ivory hills, for  
Flames tormented, cease not. The glory of  
Blameless ranks, reverence the god,  
Which rules a people numerous  
And mighty, thus handing down  
Justice to all mankind. The  
Marriage of hell, the dame of strife,  
On meadows superstitious, that, with  
The weight of ruin. To grieve  
Incessantly only makes matters  
Worse, for thou knowest the wrong,  
Thy parents have taught thee to  
Rebel, "not the beloved seed of  
Omnipotence," O say, on my bosom  
Breathe another tear, or I'll  
Be lost. The bold shameless  
Creatures, that of wretched wars, in  
Their guilty deeds, strove to 'scape  
The notice of Omnipotence, must  
Their crime, stagnate the pure

## HUMANITY LOST.

Fountains of immortal ages.  
The critics of shame have many a  
Twisted face to hang, on burning  
Walls, unperpendicular, they cannot  
Articulate, the sentence we  
Graze, nor feed where fountains lie  
Conscientiously, They provoke many  
A peaceful song, thus ringing on  
The peal of night, much  
To lose, nothing to gain, on the base, not  
Redeemed, their roasted ideas on passionate  
Fires burn, then rose in revolt, against  
The mighty host of archangels, and all  
Celestial arms of heaven. Disobedience  
Without knowledge, brought into the  
World, the early shame we must bear  
Sooner redeemed, sooner the wretched  
Crime of Satan, shall cease to  
Wreck on all mankind his loss  
Not against Mickel only, did they march  
The chosen seed of Satan, their invention  
Subtle, prove much revenge, thus against  
All heaven. Invisable demons,  
Mounted on dishonorable steeds of  
War, stir up revolts, for combustible  
Fires in them must burn.

# HUMANITY LOST.

## BOOK VI.

The richly palms in vanity, coats  
The impious curtains of lust, then  
Revolving pearls on us beam,  
Thus voluntarily moving in a beautiful  
Type, there decorating the walls of  
Conceit, then the orchestra moves  
The graceful line of march, of  
Richly costumes, their silks and  
Satins gorgeous, the unbalanced  
Lever of thought, the injustice  
Of all mankind, have lost in youth,  
Down to eternity they go, brooding  
Over the vast abyss, to them the  
Devil has declared, Omnipotence  
Powerless, this swaying the rod of  
Command, over all mankind.  
From false representation, their  
Unnumbered gain rose to a  
Monarchy of strife, their lascivious  
Eyes, then rolled in vain,  
To see their wretched course of shame.  
Through disgraceful atmosphere,  
On disgusted wings they drift,  
Astray they go, their courage lost,  
On the carriage of vanity. Against the  
Tide and wind they row, their  
Pleasures all in vain, the wretched  
Shame of innocent mankind, they reap  
In pain, thus bearing the honors of  
A nation they cannot love. The  
Heroes of a million spheres, riding on  
Clouds of courage, then on chariots  
Of thunder, thus speeding in costly  
Robes, to victory they fly. I see the  
Shadow of Omnipotence, bending  
Over the victorious host of celestial



## HUMANITY LOST.

Arms, which sweep all rebellious  
Ranks, into the lower pit of hell.  
Thou star of the heroic wing, the  
Flash of night, on the billow of repose,  
Thus bearing our mortal desire, on the  
Trail of hope and charity. Experienced  
Faith at large, teach us of  
Things remote, invisible, in daily  
Life, the stare of heavenly historians,  
Lies before us, renders to us things  
Unpractised, prepared not, to seek  
The high pitch of sympathy, but  
Descend a lower flight of undesired  
Creatures, to cloud our unfortunate  
Hopes, unexpecting. Are we most  
Unreasonable critics, I tenderly advise  
Thee, pursue on, we are remorse, we  
Are ungraceful uneloquent creatures,  
To us, terrestrial things caressing,  
Brings to our dark repose, no satiety.  
O the dance and song of prayer,  
While I'm with thee, in heaven I seem,  
The sweeter thy discourse is to me,  
The more I thirst for righteousness.  
To the seat of Omnipotence, the price of  
Unworthy labor I bring, the solitary  
Hour of repast, we brood much over  
Things unjust, matters incompetent,  
They breed dishonorable worms, thus  
Feeding on innocent flesh. Those  
Wretched guards at the gates of hell.  
Belch up revenge on us, they outsend  
Spies too contemptible for eternal hell.  
Continuously the flames of bitter wrath,  
Burn on the base of our thoughts,  
Thus flashing o'er disagreeable  
Latitudes, undisarm'd ranks from  
Lower kingdoms, falling in line  
Of battle, their unsuccessful charge,  
Soon belched up retreat, there was  
Silence in heaven, fifty times the  
Space of minutes then all the holy



## HUMANITY LOST.

Ranks of celestial arms, soon rose  
With great power, showered down  
Combustion, on all rebellious ranks  
Of hell. Predjudice and jealousy lie deep, concealed  
In narrow caves of ignorance. 'Twas  
Horrible deeds unsuccessful, which  
Heaped up disaster on all mankind.  
O say, " the creator of all things,  
To us, seem full of compassion.  
The lascivious crime of mankind, the  
Low current, through dark channels  
Flow. Not inconsistency," surveys the  
Valuable age, of honorable spirits. On  
The universal stage of action, we  
Plow into dust, the immortal  
Doom. I see their wretched deeds,  
Thus grounded on bold contempt.  
Say, " What course shall our tears  
Pursue, on the innocent trail of  
Grief?" Ah ! how sweet where the lives  
Of emperors, which Spartianas wrote.  
Was Paulus austere in his morals,  
Or an enemy to Gracchi, the grandfather  
Of noble blood, whose seed was accursed  
Before Cæsar, and defended by Cicero ?  
Then the incapacity of Verus, which  
Was slowly breeding into shame,  
Forced his way to the rapid swinging  
Gates of death. The seed of chosen  
Shepherds, in the happy garden  
Of grief, on their bosom tender  
Moments feed, they softly  
Graze on the lives of gentle words,  
Those honorable hills of noble deeds,  
For on our innocent lips, they no doubt  
Forlorn the kiss, they cannot repay.  
The dawn of life, must bruise our  
Character, which to us seem wise.  
Satan, since banished from heaven,  
His flight to hell, there chained four,  
Thousand years, when loosed a short  
Season, then wrecked on all mankind

## HUMANITY LOST.

His loss. In the new-created world,  
He established his wretched kingdom,  
Then since, became the contemptible  
King of all crime, thus heaping upon  
Us the burden of death and woe,  
Then on his savage trail of a  
Thunder roar, seeking whom he  
May devour.

Wretched serpents abide,  
On the dark ocean tide,  
Of the unfortunate side,  
Of our bold mortal guide.

In us the arrows of light,  
Penetrates the doom of thought.  
Wars thus begun, angels and  
Archangels descended, with  
Unconquerable ranks of arms, ninty  
Nine times, more powerful than Mamercus,  
Who conquered the Jidenates, or  
Regillus, who conquered the commander  
Of Antiochus at sea, thus obtained a naval  
Triumph. Their successful march, not  
A flight intended to soar, but arms  
Array'd with power, the noble ranks  
Of gorgeous steps, not the Trojan  
Prince, the noble blood of Anchises,  
For his royalty nine times, measures  
The unequalled day and night.  
Our parents, their first existence, the  
Bold contempt of disobedience,  
Pleasure seems too rapid, to govern or  
Control the innocent mind,  
Intended not to yield, obedience  
Thus intended a noble life, could  
It be such, as the decendents of  
Mamercus, not as Lepida, or  
Æmylius, mounted on his brazen  
Steed, determined to press the honor of  
Macer of Verona, in the age of  
Augustan tells us of wretched

## HUMANITY LOST.

Serpents, whose heads the seed of  
Adam shall bruise. O, say, shall  
We 'scape the punishment thus  
Ordained, yet we mention not  
Violence against ourselves, but  
Wilful ignorance darkens our  
Hope, acts of contumacy provokes  
The Supreme, makes death in us  
Live. Germs on silver lakes,  
Poison not mistakes of Battus, the  
Shepherd of Pylos. Fowls on a  
Conspicuous soar, train our  
Hearts, to breathe on them,  
Another tone that from  
The fowler's cage, the innocent  
Bird on rapid wings, doth to  
Isles of liberty fly, Macer sang  
Of the heavenly fowls, and Marcus  
Scaurus, in the age of Tiberias,  
Sang of Athens.  
On mortal pail, the shell of dreams,  
Those idle moments flash into  
Thought, for six thousand winters,  
Besieged the innocent frame of mortal  
Mankind.

They from us stole away,  
We gave noble chase,  
That till the break of day,  
This unfortunate race.

Oh say, on that lovely trail, let the rule  
Of redemption measure my thoughts,  
And I shall be free, germs on  
Silver lakes, poison not mistakes of  
Battus, the Shepherd of Pylos.  
O, weigh the loss our honor may sustain,  
For nature crescent feeds not alone,  
Virtue in our will must fear, that the  
Inward seed of the soul, may grow  
Into active service, thus to govern the  
Mind, our wisdom must believe, acts

## HUMANITY LOST.

Particular obstructing our view. Virtue  
'Scapes not caluminous strokes the  
Saying deed, the voice of many a  
Wretched man, wrecks not the flow  
Of death and woe. Many a song in  
Grief, on the lascivious dye, sits  
Brooding in tears. Their haunted  
Spears penetrate the dark  
Mournful sheet, of oar-weeping  
Nations, then through the steel  
Of hope, 'scape the punishment  
Thus ordained. Must our posterity,  
In the morn and liquid dew,  
Point out to others, the keen  
Appetite of revenge, our safety lies  
In fear, for the arrows by day,  
Measure by night, rods of truth,  
Shall happiness breed on us,  
Like that of Æneas and his posterity,  
Which was destined to reign over the  
Trojans? Did he with his fleet, go  
To the Thracian Chersonesus, where  
Polymnestor reigned? Was he kindly  
Received by Dido, Queen of Carthage?  
Did she in marriage give her  
Heart to him? Was he driven to a  
Farewell voyage, then anchored in  
The lea of Cuanæ, from there  
Conducted to hell? No doubt the  
Prodigal soul, sincerely desires to  
Prolong his stay, for temporal  
Pleasures, as he can see, cost him  
Nothing, but down deep, in the  
Gulf of many a tale, there's no light  
Of hope, for disastrous tongues, on  
Gnashing of teeth, feed on silly  
Fires of worthless fuel, the tormented  
Flames of many a broken vow  
The unwelcome promise, the shot  
Of danger, unmask not to  
Omnipotence, a pleasant morn of  
Review, nor the tears, the happy

## HUMANITY LOST.

Dew of youth. The heroic host, the  
Batallion ranks of heaven, their  
Patriotic march to defend the  
Seat of justice, the nobility of  
Arietides was never so just, who was  
Banished by the influence of  
Themistocles, within six years recalled  
By the Athenians, at the battle of  
Salamis, there appointed commander-  
In-Chief, then defeated Mardonius.  
The ranks of night, lit the candle  
Of war, the shot of danger,  
Then stars of pain in them  
Burn, for wretchedness on dreams of  
Vain thoughts availeth nothing.  
The burden of shame, on the  
Carriage of mortal woe, speeding thus,  
On flames unconsumed of lasting fires,  
Discontented souls beam not, on the  
Rage of retreat. They have sealed the  
Cost of courage, on the barren walls,  
The thinking frame of all mankind.  
Did Aristcmencs on the Hellespont,  
Encourage his countrymen, to shake  
Off the Lacedæmonian yoke, whose  
Burden too great to be borne, did  
He defend the virtuous dame of  
Sparta, or refuse the title of  
King? Was he contented to bare  
The yoke of war? No doubt was  
Dexterous in eluding the vigilance  
Of the Lacedæmouians, then taken  
Captive, thence unfortunately  
Killed. O, say, flank the sullen  
Troops, the wretched line of battle.  
Give space, that the star of courage,  
May forever on us beam, was it  
From celestial realms, the dark veil  
Of death descended to hide from  
Us the view of heaven, thus  
Intended not. to breed on the  
Invisible orb of happiness, not

## HUMANITY LOST.

Heaven, but disobedience downtrodden,  
By the radiant host of angels link'd,  
That to combustion, celestial fires  
Determined, thus to silence, their  
Revenge on us, back to the mansion,  
His happiness they cannot recall,  
Nor the blissful seat regain.  
Can I unfold the tale, whose  
Lightest word, would harrow my  
Soul ; thus freeze the venturous  
Blood of youth, that lust may  
Seat itself in a bed of celestial  
Stars, yet they prey on garbage,  
But soft they scent the dew of  
Morning air, there weeping  
Within the orchard, thus brooding  
Over the record of disobedience.  
Their poor souls, have within, the  
Merit, the scent of foul retreat,  
The fool'd rebel powers, then all  
Array, thus pine within, and  
Suffer death, then their outward  
Walls so costly gay ? with brazen  
Deceit they paint, and revenge on  
Us present conceit, for they merit  
Within themselves much grace.  
Say, conscience is neither too young  
Nor old, to know the power of love,  
Gentle gestures, urge not our mistakes,  
Lest we be guilty of faults, our sweet  
Self prove, for they betray supreme  
Trust, the nobler seat triumph in  
Love.  
They urg'd things, our conscience  
Cannot reprove ; the path of danger  
Yet lies smooth before us, they recall  
Not love, for love to heaven is fled,  
Since disobedience, absorbed the  
Sweetness once in us, now is dead.  
The simple semblance blot on us,  
Much blame, for nefarious things  
In us breed, soon they will all be

## HUMANITY LOST.

Bereaved, thus making the  
Tyrant stains in us, an  
Uncomfortable sunshine in our  
Souls. Gentle springs may in us  
Always fresh remain, then winter  
Forged on earth, his frozen vapor,  
That round and over us lie, I could  
Tell his chilly tales, but, I dare not say,  
For the text is gray and old, and  
Uncontrolled. In sadness away we  
Fly, many a soul of nineteen has  
Embark'd, leaving upon earth much love,  
Greatly distress'd, homeward through  
The dark lawn, they glide, thus  
Folding the object, which feeds their sight,  
They forlorn not, the peaceful shade  
Of night, the tuneful peal on his  
Carriage ride. The stain, the type  
Of crime on us print, the scent of  
Danger, the wretched trail of foul  
Retreat, their faint recollection,  
Inspires not the web, over the dial  
Of memory. The peace work of  
Crime, on the simple stage of old,  
They esteem incapable creatures,  
Which rapidly breed on hills  
Cultivated not, they 'scape the  
Battle charge, of the radiant host  
Of angels link'd which round us  
Bend. On the dial of our hearts,  
The map and youth of observation  
Copied there. the book and  
Volume of base matters mix'd, thus  
Bray out the triumph of our  
Pledge, that may an opportunity be,  
At the marriage feast, for our  
Custom is, a happy life  
Congratulate. Since nature his  
Origin cannot choose, makes us  
Traduc'd, and tax'k of lower  
Kingdoms, the vicious mole,  
The innocent birth, of a guilty vein,



## HUMANITY LOST.

Must undergo the foul dreadful  
Cliff, of that summit mourn.  
Ministers of faith, the noble substance  
Of grace, defend us, we appeal to  
The radiant spirits of health, link'd,  
That to us, bring the air of heaven,  
That feeds the bellows of our body,  
That creatures in us may thrive.  
O, peace; may I grace the merit in thee,  
Or silence the peace-loving Trygaeus,  
Riding on the wing of his dung-beetle,  
That in the style of Bellerophon  
Clouds of war into riots burst, thus  
To ridicule the metaphysics  
Of Sophists, spiritual beings to us,  
Are seemingly purposeless not, peace  
Thus begins, the bray of war, wide  
And wild, the giant of Olympus,  
That with his comrade riot, for the  
Porches of his feet grows not, but  
Longs for rest, yet sleeping, the  
Peace of night; lays quiet and still,  
While he is purling, did he grow  
Faint; to see the shroud of his  
Bosom turn to dust. Nefarious  
Creatures, curb not the trail of justice,  
But leaves the world to the mercy of hell,  
O, vile mankind, let thy life contribute  
To justice, that thou mayst, in thee,  
Grace some merit of respect, if thou  
Will, then thou shall, the merit  
In others courteous. Their wretched pipes,  
Yet sounds the note of crime, the  
Coming reverse, they within  
Their sporting hives, dwell contented  
In the suburbs of temporal  
Pleasure, if this be not true, I am  
Deceived, for then; in vain, I  
Did rail at opportunity, and  
Spurn not, at my confirm'd  
Attitude. In them abides the  
Dust of worlds, the helpless smoke of



## HUMANITY LOST.

Strife, for we in shame taste  
The foul scent of war, their  
Impious act, the foul dishonor of  
A shallow grave, yet their shame  
Will survive, the trial of accidental  
Things, delay not the bars, which  
Doth intentionally stop the hourly  
Dial, which hammers to death, minutes  
Of life in us thrive. In our hearts,  
Sweet contented roses, on the nodding  
Stem, blooms our stay, yet thy  
Lingering stay, pays the minutes,  
Its course doth let, and ever pains  
No modest charge, which cannot  
Perish, their courage not regained,  
Sought revenge, for they cherish not,  
The merry bud, inclined to bloom on  
The stem of youth, merciful God,  
How terrible art thou, thy power and  
Greatness, to thee, enemies of all  
Mankind, submit themselves, O  
Shall the earth and dust declare  
Thy truth in us ; the sea be dry,  
Happy floods rejoice in thee, God  
Shall arise, the tempter's agents  
Then be scatter'd,  
Before blazing fires, war melteth, that  
To drive away the smoke of demons,  
Thou God of all mankind, let  
Nations praise Thee, Thine  
Inheritance, Thou didst confirm,  
Apace ; kings and armies flee, the bride  
At home divided the spoil, among  
The pots, though ye lay, chariots, and  
Thousands of angels, link'd, Sinai ;  
Thou makest thyself, the mount  
Of holy things, O, nations sing of  
God, that in the congregation of  
Saints, and fountains of Israel,  
Their strength lay firm on bars  
Of death, shall the flesh of hearts  
Which faileth, cease to praise God,

## HUMANITY LOST.

The only strength of nations.  
O, convicted ranks of wretched wars,  
Where's the power which degrades our  
Life, and burdens the carriage of peace.

DRAMA I.

BOOK VII.

**The Beginning of Time and Things.**

Dramatic Names for the Drama of this Book.

Book VII., Act I., Scene I.

Uranus, Venus, Æthra, Gaea Lucifer, Ægeus, Cronus, Rhea, Zeus, Argus, Hera, Gabriel, Michael, ten of the heavenly ranks of war, the ten Titans, Demeter, Semele, Danac, Poseidon, Helios, Sireus, Nereus, Marpessa, Persephone, Idas, Apollo, Chimera, Medusa, Minotaur, Pluto, the hundred-arm and one-eyed Brothers, Artemus, Eros, Athamas, Bellerophon, Endymion, Cadmus, Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Epimethus, Prometheus, Rhadamanthus, Phocus, Minos, the three Judges of the Supreme Court of Hell, ten Demons of Hell, ten Terrestrial Spirits.

URANUS, *at his post, enter to him* GAEA.

*Ura.* In the beginning God created  
Heaven and earth, and all things therein.

*Gae.* Yea, very true.

*Ura.* He be the true and the  
Living God, whose existence always  
Was.

*Gae.* In the midst of chaos, the spirit  
Of God divided the light from darkness,  
The light he called day, and darkness he  
Called night.

*Ura.* After time and time, the  
Heavens and the earth where thus  
Parted asunder, then the sun, moon,

## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

And stars thus appeared in the sky.

*Gae.* Ah ! then; God created every living Thing, which now exists.

*Ura.* True it be; and every living Thing moving in the sea.

*Gae.* Yea, and every living thing in The earth

*Cro.* God said, let the earth  
Bring forth grass, the herb yielding  
Seed, and the fruit tree yielding  
Fruit after his kind, whose seed be  
In itself, upon the earth.

*Ven.* The dry land, God called earth,  
The waters called he seas.

*Rhe.* Yea, the gorgeous firmament called  
He Heaven.

*Ven.* Thus the heavens and earth be  
Finished, and the creation of all things.  
In six days the Lord made heaven and  
Earth, the sea, and all that in them is,  
And rested the seventh day; wherefore the  
Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and  
Hallowed it.

*Cro.* God said, Remember the sabbath  
Day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor  
And do all thy work. But the seventh day  
Is the sabbath of the Lord thy God. In  
It thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor  
Thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant,  
Nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor  
Thy stranger that is within thy gates.

*Ura.* O for a muse of light, which  
Ascend my thought to the brightest  
Heaven.

*Ven.* The gods and goddesses of Mount Olympus  
Inquire of me, who created us.

## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

*Ura.* When you see the gods and  
Goddesses of Mount Olympus, tell them  
The true and the living God, the  
Omnipotent Being, the Creator of all  
Things, created us. If there be no satisfaction  
With the above information, then  
Appeal to the ancient gods of Mount  
Othrys.

*Ven.* Yea your saying be true, he is the  
True and the living God, the creator  
Of all things, he also is the God of true love.

*Æg.* I stole upon time and chaos, the dead of  
Night, no comfortable stars of ages,  
Their light did lend. But the crystal  
Fires, gave light to immortal spheres.  
Then with earth his weary gait thus  
Revolved.

*Æt.* When I consider things that  
Grow, in perfection holds their stay.  
And secret influence, wonderful stars  
Comment, with a virtuous wish, to bear  
Sweet living flowers, that to repair,  
Immortal lines, on me recoil.

*Ven.* Our incapacities imploring, need  
Some invention of ability, thus determine  
Sweet miracles of love, if bold impression  
Of good comment, doth fill the caves of truth.

*Gae.* Since I left you, the eye which  
Governs me, surveys some miracles in thee,

*Ven.* Let not my face of love, be call'd  
Idolatry, nor my image an idol show.  
For I incline mine ear to good parables;  
I will open my dark saying upon the harps;  
Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, the  
Coming revolt, when the iniquities of Lucifer,  
Shall compass me about.

*Ura.* Gaea, the bell of my town, I stole

## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

Upon thoughts and the marriage of true love,  
Will you except my hand held out to thee.

*Gae.* In marriage I will.

*Ura.* Its' true, that love is true.

*Ven.* I've always found it so.

*Gae.* Uranus. When you the tender line of my  
Thoughts read, remember the hand that  
Write it, for I love you so

*Ura.* O say I look upon this verse,  
When I am with clay, perhaps compounded.  
I so much, your name rehearse, the love  
I bear for thee, with life cannot decay.

*Æg.* What space can my thoughts occupy,  
For I be the great lover of children, on  
My carriage I speed to consult the oracle.  
At the court of Pittheus. The king of Troezene.  
His daughter Æthra in marriage he gave to me

*Ven.* on love, I see, you merit respect.

*Æg.* Æthra, my life and hand in marriage I give  
To protect thee, will you accept?

*Æt.* I will your life and hand in marriage accept.

*Æg.* Fair friend, to me, you can never be old.  
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still.

*Æt.* My songs and praises be, since  
All alike, to one, of one, still such and ever so  
Kind, be my love to day, and forever.

*Æg.* I hold thee still and gentle to my  
Heart, your praise be richly complied,  
With a golden quill, I shall verse your  
Character, by all muses filed, your praise  
Be most precious. Hate me if thou  
Wilt, my deeds to cross. While the world be  
Bent, in spite of fortune I join thee, in  
Spite of misfortune I cannot hate thee, to my

## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

Heart, I am the arrow, thou art the bow.

*Æt.* For my possessing thou art too  
Dear, so fare thee well.

*Æg.* To thee, releasing gives worth to thy  
Character, in thee, my bonds are all  
Determined. Only by thy granting, can I  
Hold thee. All because richly gifts in me,  
Is wanting, that farewell presents to me,  
His unwelcomed hand.

*Æt.* The God of love, fair one, quoth he, any  
love you owe  
Me, all my unripe years, measure with  
Strangeness. For I cherish no evil state in my heart.  
Your hand in peace I except, now let me say, good-  
night.

*Cro.* The even hand subtle, of Lucifer is  
Painted I see. So beguiled with outward  
Honesty, but with inward vice, so defiled.

*Ven.* Yea, within the bosom of their hell,  
Such devils steal effects, thus to flatter  
Fools, and make them bold with contempt,  
For within the evil heart, love cannot exist.

*Luc.* Thy likeing, thou yoke, to my  
Will. I'll murder straight, and then  
I'll slaughter thee. And swear I found  
Thee, where thee never was, to me, that will  
Be one act, to my fame.

*Rhe.* Three times he gives no sorrow,  
But sighs fire, thus discharging a million  
Words of woe. His incapacities imploring,  
Need no invention of ability, thus  
Determined. His ancient birth, thinks  
Himself an heir to the throne of Supreme.  
His wretched and bold attitude, hath  
Measured the length of his days, which  
Availeth nothing on his stay.

*Luc.* In my soul, I have debated,

## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

What sorrow I shall breed, what shame,  
What wrong, but affection's course I  
Cannot control, nor stop the jury of my  
Speed, my deeds, I know repentant tears  
Ensue, my deadly enmity, my infamy,  
I strive to embrace.

*Cro.* The world doth threat such a  
Black-faced cloud, his aspiring mist.  
Mountains doth hide, some gentle gust  
Doth breed. These pitchy vapors, from  
Their hiding chambers, doth blow away,  
Thus dividing their unhallow'd haste,  
And thundering words delay. Lucifer's shame  
Will be seeded in your age, vice will bud  
In your spring, outrage and crime will  
Thus bloom. When once a king, what  
Darest thou? What carest thou in your  
Wretched thoughts, foul and vile?

*Æg.* Lucifer, why mud the fountain  
That gave thee drink, or mar the things  
Which can amend, your labor, your  
Deed be hasty, thus will end.

*Rhe* To eternity our dates are brief,  
Character'd with lasting memory,  
Above the idle rank. Beyond all  
Date at the least, our faculty do  
Subsist, by nature, till oblivion yield  
His part for us. Our record be not  
Miss'd, our poor retention cannot  
Hold. We need no tallies of our love  
To score, to give them to us, we be  
Bold to trust those tables, which  
Receive us. I beg the adjunct in  
His prayers to remember us, nor  
Our past forgetfulness import.  
Our expense of spirit, be a waste of  
Shame. Extreme savage, rude, cruel,  
Not to trust, sooner enjoyed, thus  
Despised, our past reason hunted,  
Our past reason hated, that shallow bait.



## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

*Cro.* Rhea, thy heart is in another place, yet your looks be with Me, I shall live, supposing thou art True, like a deceived husband. To me, Love's face may still seem fair, in thine Eye no hatred lives, I cannot know the Rapid change of history's false heart, In strange wrinkles, frowns and moods It writes on ages. Some degree of Your creation, should ever dwell In the face of your heaven.

*Rhe.* Cronus, O say, wash me in The pool and vapor of your pure Thoughts, and I shall be whiter Than snow, your looks and sweetness Your true heart's workings, thence Shall be.

*Cro.* My love, thou art the Goddess of truth, thou sayest, I Believe thee, though I know you lie.

*Rhe.* I know my years be not the best, My tongue speaking false, the smiling Credit, with love I'll rest outfacing faults.

*Cro.* My love, you say that I am Old, and thou art young. Your Soothing tongue be love's best habit, In love, love I not to have year's told. I will lie at the fountain of dreams. That our faults in love thus smother'd Be.

*Rhe.* I have two lovers, one be comfort And the other despair ; two spirits, one to Suggest, be still, the other, bestir, bestir.

### SCENE II. THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

*Enter ZEUS, URANUS, ARGUS, HERA and LUCIFER.*

*Zeu.* Down from the couch, omnipotent power,

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Rose to bring light to immortals.

*Ura.* Was it caressing ?

*Zeu.* Most undoubtable.

*Ura.* I am told, there will be a  
Meeting of council soon.

*Zeu.* How soon ?

*Ura.* I presume, on the hour of my watch.

*Zeu.* O, say ! Uranus, this must be the hour of  
Your watch ; for I see great silence in heaven.

*Ura.* This hour, there is a meeting of  
The session of council.

*Zeu.* What council ?

*Ura.* The mighty council of  
Archangels, before the throne of Omnipotence.

*Zeu.* O say, there must be trouble  
Brooding in heaven.

*Ura.* Most undoubtedly there is.

*Zeu.* On the true face of my heart, I  
Do wonder what it can be.

*Enter HERA, ARGUS and LUCIFER.*

*Arg.* Before the throne of Omnipotence  
I see Lucifer holding in his right  
Hand the declaration of war.

*Her.* The Judge of Supreme Power  
I see now inflamed with rage,  
Declaring to Lucifer, forever cursed thou  
Shall surely be.

*Luc.* That diabolic engine back recoils  
On me, thus distract my thoughts  
With horror, I am troubled at heart,  
To its very bottom, I still gnash in

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Pain. The wretched hell within me,  
O stir, stir, where shall I fly ? Shall  
It possible be, on the throne of hell,  
I must reign, many fathoms  
Lower in the deep, flames  
Tormented, devour me not, but still  
Threaten the passage, I roam in  
Pain. Shall I relent ? I suffer but  
Hell, Ah ! to me. a heaven it seems,  
For in me, repentance finds no  
Space to recall my stay, I seduced with  
Vaunts and promises, that beneath,  
My shame among spirits. To submit,  
Boasting, the Omnipotent, I could but  
Subdue. Inwardly I groan for I'm  
Thus tormented. Who shall adore me,  
While on the throne ? Ah ! many  
Fathoms lower, in misery I fall.

*Arg.* In the barrier of my teeth,  
Is the note of praise, the works  
Of God I esteem.

*Her.* Ye be unconverted ?

*Arg.* Right you are.

*Her.* Then how can ye love God ?

*Arg.* We should love the God,  
Who created us in his own image.

*Luc.* Ah ! say, you pain the bell  
Of my left ear.

*Arg.* What about the right ?

*Luc.* There is no right in me.

*Arg.* Truthfully you said it.

*Zeu.* Hera, when you see Lucifer,  
The wretched commander in chief, of  
The rebelled host, forwarn him  
Not, of the danger lying in the  
Path of his march.

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

*Her.* Ah ! I think I hear him.

*Ura.* That's all imagination.

*Her.* No, no, no, there he is rushing  
Into battle.

*Ura.* Right you are.

*Her.* Come, come, come, Uranus, let us  
Go see the battle.

*Ura.* Hold up for a moment.

*Her.* What's the trouble.

*Ura.* I think I see the Omnipotent  
King, at the head of that  
Powerful and beautiful host of  
Archangels.

*Zeu.* I see thousands of archangels,  
Standing before the Omnipotent  
Throne. To them is given authority  
And power, to command the  
Heavenly ranks of war. In their  
Hearts is power, to fulfil the will of  
God.

*Ura.* True, they must be powerful,  
For I see the royal banners, of their  
Victory floating aloof.

*Zeu.* Yea, too powerful for Lucifer.

*Ura.* Crushed forever he will be,  
Embattled squadrons, flaming  
Arms, fiery steeds, reflecting  
Blaze on blaze, now face his  
Wretched line of battle.

*Zeu.* Oh ! I see the venturous beast,  
And his wretched line of battle,  
Skillfully mowed down. O how he  
Eyes me, watching his defeat.

*Ura.* Keep cool.

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

*Zeu.* Yea in my heart 'tis  
Bitter cold, and I am frightened sick.  
To isles invisible I fly, I dare not return,  
Out of danger, I see him still prowling  
About, I hear a roaring voice on the  
Flash of lightning, thundering down  
On him, be off, be off, vile thing,  
Forever cursed thou shall be,  
Pursued through heaven's circumference  
Wide, unbarred the gates of peace,  
Ventured in vain, to enter the  
Palace of venial.

*Enter GABRIEL, MICHAEL and HEAVENLY RANKS*  
OF WAR.

*Gab.* To order; put on the  
Fighting gear.

*Hea. Ran.* Yea, yea, good master.

*Gab.* Bestir, bestir, take up  
Arms, to the battle front, march in  
Haste.

*Mic.* My wandering eyes I  
Turned and gazed awhile, till  
Raised by quick instinctive motion,  
Up, I sprung, on my feet I stood, to see  
Which way I could march, to flank the  
Wretched host of demons.

*Gab.* Form a line of battle, take aim,  
Heed not repeat, one stroke might determine  
His fall, for thou art the host of arms,  
Fit to decide the empires of heaven, and  
Spirits vital, which shall live throughout eternity.

*Luc.* Back to my chariot, I shall  
Retire from off the files of war, I lay  
Gnashing in shame and disappointment, at  
The foolish confidence in myself, that  
I could equal God in power, there  
Seems in me content; which lies deep in

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

The vaults of depredation, sorry to say,  
That mighty murrain, mowed down my  
Flock, on their flying retreat, thus to  
Repine.

### SCENE III.

*Enter DEMETER, RHEA and SEMELE.*

*Sem.* The beloved son of God, on his  
Expedition appears, with radiance of  
Majesty; love and sapience immense, to the  
World of ages, infinite, winged spirits and  
Chariots of old myriads, that between  
Brazen mountains lodged, rose again,  
Stood between the fires of raging battles, then  
Celestial equipage forth came spontaneous,  
On heavenly grounds they stand, thus  
Viewing the vast immeasurable abyss.  
Omnivorous winds, upturned from  
The bottom, surging billows mountainous,  
Threatened to devour heaven's height I  
Heard the omnific word, thunder down  
Your discord end, nor be stayed, but on  
Wings uplifted, rapidly trailing into  
Chaos, then followed in bright  
Procession the host of demons.

*Sem.* Everlasting gates harmonious,  
On golden hinges sway in glory, the  
Powerful word of God, his silent thunder  
In my ears recalls obedience, thus to  
Brace the columns of my critical  
Stage, wholesome, cool and mild I back  
Recoil, in love, how gladly I lay my trials  
At his feet, in me instinctive motion  
God inspired, that I, he the author of  
Creation, I might honor and respect.

*Dem.* The lord, be the governor, of the country  
I survey.

*Sem.* Is it a beautiful country ?

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

*Dem.* Yea, most gorgeous.

*Rhe.* Demeter, I view the dim light of  
Your coast, in pleasure I boast marvellously,  
The sea in me, be stirred. I long to visit the  
Happy piers of your welcome, but  
Sail on, till another course may heave in  
View; unexpected I esteem unintentionally,  
Those thoughts in me; most pleasing, rather  
Not to mourn, I only beg a gentle dove, to  
Waft my thoughts to thee.

*Dem.* Well my good companion, glad I  
Am to hear from thee, come let us mend our pace.

*Rhe.* Well? what way shall we turn  
To breath the gladdenings of heaven.

*Dem.* To the right, key the flower  
Of your heart, thus to the throne of God flee.

*Rhe.* Tell me the latest news of war,  
Now exists in heaven.

*Dem.* The old deprecator and his  
Wretched host of demons, in roaring  
Chariots fly, as if in battle they would  
Be, but their faults guiltiness thus be  
Condemned, they proceed not to corrupt  
Present peace, till time brings forth  
Evil fruit of courage, then conviction  
Raging inwardly, first and last,  
Shall spring into motion, their envious  
Steps, thus moving their march into another  
Battle.

*Sem.* Harken unto me, till I give thee news.

*Dem.* If it be good, I will; for I stand  
In need, of a newsy bud, to scent the heart  
Of my youth.

*Sem.* To Lucifer, both crime and doom,  
What an abyss of fears and horrors,  
Drive him from the presence of God, for

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Pardon, he finds no way to turn, deep to  
Deeper into the vault of depredation  
He plunged, to his foul conscience  
There's no vent, with double terror,  
In the lower vault outstretched he lay,  
There oft cursed his creation, since  
His execution thus denounced.

*Rhe.* I see a host of angels of high  
Degree, greatly admired, they be valor  
Heroic virtue called, in battle they  
Overcome, and subdue the nation  
Of rebels, bring spoils to their king  
With infinite slaughter, held to the  
Highest pitch in celestial glory, there  
Triumph in love and esteem, styled as  
Great conquerors, their fame be  
Achieved, and forever renown, O  
What merits fame in silence hid ?  
Behold not righteousness in a  
World perverse, thus prepared for  
Those who oppose omnipotent rule,  
Much hated and beset with foes,  
Daring single be first for they utter  
Odious truth, that God will come to  
Judge them with his saints.

*Dem.* I see the Most High in his royal  
Chariot, floating on a balmy cloud  
With winged steeds, high in salvation  
And the summits of bliss, to show to  
Us what reward awaits the good, to  
The fallen host oft frequented their  
Assemblies, to them preached  
Conversion and repentance, as to  
Those in prison, under  
Judgments imminent; all be in  
Vain, converted, they will not be.

*Rhe.* Solicit not thy thoughts with  
Matters hid, leave them to God,  
Him serve and fear, of other  
Creatures, as pleases him best,



## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Let him dispose, joy in what he  
Gives to thee, dream not of other worlds,  
What creatures there live, in what  
State, condition, or degree, contented  
That thus far hath been revealed.

*Dem.* At thy feet, lies sweet roses,  
Of dells harmonious, those virtuous  
Leaves of summer's queen.

*Enter DANAH and GAÆA.*

*Gæ.* How glorious was Lucifer once  
Above his sphere, till wretched pride  
And ambition threw him down,  
His brazen march stirs revolts in  
Heaven, against heaven's matchless king,  
From him God deserved no such return,  
Whom he created in that bright  
Eminence, with good upbraided  
None; nor was his service hard, to  
Afford him praise, what could be less?  
The recompense most easy, and pay him  
Thanks; how due, God's good work proved  
Ill in him. His malice and envy lifted  
Up so high, one step higher, he thought  
Would set him highest. The immense  
Gratitude still to owe, burdensome  
He still received. What powerful  
Destiny ordained him an angel  
Inferior? Why not other powers aspired,  
As great as he, other powers as great  
Fell not, unshaken, without,  
Within, well armed against all  
Temptations.

*Dan.* His dark presumptuous  
March, back recoils on him.  
On iron flapping wings, that brazen,  
Procacity thus trailing o'er

*Gæ.* In silence bright legions of  
Instrumental harmony, to  
Adventurous deeds, breathe heroic

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Ardor, under great leaders godlike.  
Those celestial champions held  
Their way, unbarred the doors of  
Peace within the mount of God,  
Fast by his throne, gatling  
Guns in golden chariots thus  
Speeding into battle, there down  
Mowing with a thunder charge,  
All battle lines.

### SCENE IV.

*Enter* POSEIDON, HELIOS, SIRENS.

*Pos.* Of many celestial  
Myriads, not one be lost, O sweet  
Messiah, thy right of merit  
Reigns, I hear the guns of  
Mighty wars under the sea, wars  
Yet be not over, under royal banners  
Of heaven, what multitudes  
Sway, on their mighty heroic  
March, against revolted multitudes.  
I hear the shout of battle, that  
Rushing sound onset, and the cry  
Of war, thus riding on the sea  
Of impenetrable realms, the  
Impelient sons of light, riding  
On the flash of lightning and  
Clouds of darkness and of  
Thunder. Shooting with orient  
Beams, those embattled squadrons,  
Bright of flaming arms.

*Dem.* The mighty quadrate  
Irresistible, moved in silence  
Their bright legions, with upright  
Beams of rigid spears, helmets  
Thronged, shields various  
Portrayed the power of Lucifer,  
With furious expedition, the  
Numbered legion seems a  
Numerous host, each warrior

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

An expert when to advance, nor  
The sway of battle be turn'd,  
Michael and Gabriel before the  
Supreme, their consultation with  
The Omnipotent, thus determined  
Another move, the strategy of  
War, the map of skill, thus  
Conspicuous in the mental frame  
Of light.

*Pos.* The path of truth be remote  
The God of nature, ordains and  
Rules whom he governs.

*Dem.* My true God of all eternity,  
O, thou sweet virtue, I adore thee.

*Pos.* God of heaven, O, how I adore  
Thy sweet oral of omnipresent !

*Dem.* O God of heaven, with faith,  
Hope and love, embellish the walls  
Of my heart !

*Pos.* O say, Demeter, your home  
Loving stay on the earth, needs no  
Repentence.

*Dem.* Nay, but I am sick at heart,  
For the walls of my sympathy be not  
Impenetrable, the loss of my child,  
My only daughter, Persephone, brings  
But darkness and woe to my stay on  
The earth. I cannot avail ; I am  
But dust.

*Zeu.* Demeter, be content, the true and  
The living God overrules all things.  
You may rest assured that your  
Child, which was the most loving  
And beautiful daughter on the earth,  
Will safely be returned to you.

*Hel.* Demeter, under thy feet, I  
Shall ever lay the golden sunbeams

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Of my sympathy. Your daughter is  
In the lower world, but I see her  
Coming home to you ; now soon she  
Will be within the range of your  
Visible eye.

*Zeu.* Demeter, at this passed minute I  
Saw your child enter the door of  
Your home. True, as I told you  
That the God of all creation, doth  
Overrule all things; he is all power, love  
And sympathy. Able to return to you  
Again your heart's desire.

*Dem.* O thou, the true and the  
Living God, much thanks to thee,  
For the return of my child, my only  
Daughter, which was so near to me,  
Was dead, is alive again, was lost, is  
Found. I will extol thee, O God; for thou  
Hast lifted me above all the myths,  
And hast not made my foes to rejoice  
Over me. O God, my God, I cried  
Unto thee, and thou hast healed  
Me. O God, thou hast brought up  
My soul from the grave ; thou hast  
Kept me alive, that I may no  
Longer patrol in grief, the  
Painful vaults of exasperation,  
Thus to pine away.

*Sir.* Direct my course, I bring good  
Recompense to your behoof, expel  
Thence all usurpation, reduce the  
Sway of original darkness, the night  
Of ancient standard erect, that in  
Me advantage may grow. Revenge be  
Mine ; thus Lucifer ; the anarch old,  
Nine times the oral of his speech,  
And visage incomposed.

*Pos.* I see the victorious bands,  
Which poured out by millions through  
Heaven's gates, thus pursuing, on my

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Frontiers all I have will serve, yet  
Such little left in me, to defend  
The guard of my watch, encroached on  
Still weakening, the night of old sceptre.  
Hell be the first; the lower dungeon of a  
Million vaults, that beneath another  
World, thus stretching far.

*Hel.* Nearer danger Satan be flying  
On the havoc wing of spoil and ruin.  
His rapid speed ceased not, nor be  
Stayed to reply.

*Pos.* He be very glad, should his  
Sea find a shore.

*Hel.* His alacrity renewed,  
Upward springs, into wild expanse,  
Strove thus to shock unequalled  
Fighting elements.

*Pos.* O'er the sea he winds his  
Way, harder beset, endangered the  
More. He would his march  
Omnivorous be, if could he, omnipotent  
Power overthrow, and to rule, his  
Impenitence thus determined,  
Backward he falls, driven by a  
Pyramid of fires, his spacious  
Empire be full of pain, the desert  
Most darksome, tons of onus on him  
Be never removed, lost forever and  
Ever, for there be left no space of  
Repentence in him.

*Hel.* Let thy thunders be magnified.  
What power can impair thee, O,  
Mighty King of Heaven.

*Pos.* On the hyaline clear,  
The starry sea of amplitude immense,  
I view stars numerous, a world;  
Perhaps every star may be. O sweet  
Jehovah ! thy works be great, what

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Mental thought can measure or tongue  
Relate thee, in thy return, greater  
Thou art.

### SCENE V.

*Enter ÆGEUS and NEREUS.*

*Ner.* O thou surpassing glory,  
Of thy sole dominion, at whose  
Sight all stars, their diminished  
Heads hide.

*Æg.* O thou sweet glory of the son,  
To thee I call, with a friendly voice,  
To thy name I add, to tell thee,  
How I love thy beams.

*Ner.* O celestial light, inward  
Shine, that through all powers  
Irradiate. To immortal sight, may  
I tell of precious things, from thence  
They grow, which in me blooms.

*Æg.* Thou King of Omnipotence,  
To the silly host, bring remembrance,  
From what state they fell.

*Ner.* With contented wings and  
Rapid feet, the bare outside of  
Immortal things I coast.

*Æg.* Nay, your coasting be expensive.

*Ner.* I give thee the right of merit,  
Most virtuous, not the right of a critic.

*Æg.* Well, possible doth it be, that  
I exasperate thee.

*Ner.* Not a hair of my head be  
Sing'd by angry flames, for heaven,  
From my view, hides nothing. The  
Multitude of angels, with blest  
Voices, uttering joy harmonious,  
And hosannas, filled the eternal

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Regions : with adoration they cast  
Crowns enwove with immortal  
Amarant, for the curtain of  
Pain be not aloft.

*Æg.* Deep thunders round me roar  
On the sea, their rage mustering,  
Those vaults, and fighting ravines  
Resembles hell, elements of darkness,  
Torments the length of ages, fires  
Piercing, now severe, thus changed the  
Temper of dreaded steel. Scarce had  
Finished, when filled with murmur,  
The session of council which held  
The sway of silence. Blustering winds  
Against hollow rocks, retain the  
Dreadful roar, over and under  
The sea, there anchors in a  
Horrific gulf, till the tempest be  
No more. When mammon ended  
His sentence, was heard such  
Applause, pleased the  
Council advising peace.

*Re-enter VENUS.*

*Ven.* Things weighty and serious, be  
Full of state and woe, such scenes be hid  
In the rear porches of my brow, which  
Doth draw mine eyes to flow, that  
With tender love, yet in grief, O, may  
I think it well, for I'm but a tear,  
Trust other persons may find truth and  
Believe, for many spirits sadly rose  
To see, another degree of impenitence,  
Thus brooding over targets of revenge.  
That ostentatious veil, lower and  
Lower, thus trailing within the  
Circumference I roam. O how I  
Love those celestial hearers, which  
Rose to meet the host of chosen truth,  
Thus appalling not, their fighting  
Courage, for the stay of opinion ever

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

In them, intend to bring on them the stage  
Love and virtue, thus to prove a fair  
One's just.

*Ner.* O may we keep our brains  
Dry and cool, that victorious saints,  
Triumph in love, can cherish the  
Fowl of our powerless immortal deeds.

*Ven.* Saints of love, be forever  
Stay'd, within the impenetrable  
Steel chambers, of metallic ore, there  
To leave never, their most competent  
Friends.

*Ner.* Revolted spiers fallen, in  
The vale of darkness, moves chariots  
Of unequalled power, thus starts  
The mighty host, flashing through  
The heavens, with a lightning speed.  
Suddenly they dash through a  
Million fires and flames extinguished  
Blaze after blaze diffused, inflames  
The air, unmoved with fear, all  
Amazed, Lucifer his foolish victory  
Determined, stood not at his post,  
Back to the rear, lower and lower he  
Fell, then other ranks greater,  
Advanced, rapid and sure.

*Æg.* Lucifer stole upon the dead of night,  
Thus pawning his honor, to obtain  
Impenitence. For himself, himself he  
Cannot forsake, for love and truth, be  
The guide to immortal eyes. No heavy  
Sleep doth close their heroic wink.  
Satan and his wretched host, their  
Death boding cries, serves the season  
That will surprise.

*Ven.* What season of surprise ?

*Æg.* The season between his  
Wretched desire and dread, will be



## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

Toss'd horrific, unexpected, his foul  
Charm bewitch'd many spirits, his  
Advice thus leads thousands to follow.  
Oft he wished to retire, but his  
Devilish ambitious foul infirmity,  
Leaves in him no space of repentence.

*Ven.* Before the throne of  
Omnipotent love, there be sweet  
Innocent lambs, of pure thoughts,  
Silent and still.

*Ner.* Bateless virtue there be, the  
Edge of keen appetite happily be.

*Ven.* Virtue itself doth of itself  
Persuade, triumph within, the  
Gorgeous carriage of love.

*Ner.* Satan suggested the proud issue  
Of a king, he himself perchance that  
Envy of such a rich throne.

*Ven.* His brave ostentate disdainfully  
Did sting, some lascivious thought,  
Did instigate his timeless speed.

*Re-enter* POSEIDON, GAEA, ZEUS, SEMELE, DANAE  
and LUCIFER.

*Enter* APOLLO and IDAS.

*Gae.* He be pale with fear, he doth  
Premeditate the dangers, of his  
Loathsome enterprise.

*Sem.* His inward mind doth debate,  
What sorrow may on him breed.

*Ven.* His digression be so vile,  
That it will forever live engraved on  
The map of his face.

*Luc.* Yea, though I shall forever die,  
That devilish scandal will survive,  
With shame, I shall curse the body of

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

My image, and hold it in memory,  
Of the crime which I have done.  
Locks between the celestial chamber, and  
My will, no key of crime can turn  
Night wandering, I see me there,  
Demons of murder, they frighten me,  
Yet I still pursue my fear.

*Sem.* Say Lucifer, as you rush from  
Forth, a cloud bereaves your sight,  
Soon as the curtain be drawn  
You begin to wink with wretched courage,  
Thus blinded with a greater ray.

*Luc.* What excuse can my invention  
Make, as I am charged with such a  
Black deed? Shall my tongue be mute,  
My frail joints decline, mine eyes  
Forgo their sight? My guilt being  
Great and deep, the fear in me  
Doth still grow darker and darker

*Dan.* In a desperate rage, this  
Vile purpose to prevent, post hither,  
This siege that hath engirt his  
Union. His dying virtue the  
Surviving shame.

*Luc.* Conceal'd malice deep in  
Me, couched with revenge,  
Is come unto the chamber door,  
Which shuts me out of heaven, the  
Yielding latch, hath forever barr'd me  
From the blessed throne I sought.

*Gae.* Yea, your omphacine, be bitter to  
Immortal taste.

*Luc.* O how happy I would be, if  
I could, but gain the throne I seek  
For then my dreams, my breath, would  
Be a froth of fleeting joy, but all  
Be bitter to my taste.

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

*Enter MARPESSA and PERSEPHONE.*

*Mar.* Thy disputation ye hold  
Graceless, thy conscience be the  
Fuel of your burning will.

*Per.* The ascent of yonder  
Savage hill, slow and pensive,  
Lucifer hah journeyed on, entwined  
Thick, the undergrowth he brake,  
So perplexed and confused, he strove  
Speeding, that without success, to  
Unlock one gate there only was, he  
Disdained the arch felon, when he  
Saw due entrance, one sight in  
Contempt, bound high over leaped  
All, and cheer within, he lights on  
His feet, to seek new haunt for  
Prey, watching the innocent flocks  
At eve, amid the fields secure.

*Mar.* I muse in manners, hold  
Still I beg of thee, till some richly  
Praise be compliable, O thou  
Reserve'd character of most noble  
Blood.

*Ida.* O say, may thy thoughts feed on  
Happy dreams, whilst I write good  
Words concerning thee, do thy best,  
To steal a way, for a term of life,  
Give thyself, to become the bride of  
Love, for then, I need not to fear, 'mid  
All unjust wrongs o'er me brood and  
Rage.

*Apo.* Very well ; thou knowest, that  
Marpessa, be the ever blooming flower  
Of my love, nor shall I surrender to  
Thee.

*Zeu.* Both ye sun god, and hero,  
Hold your peace ; the maiden shall  
Decide.

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

*Mar.* Idas, mine eyes downward  
Cast, for a moment to think, now I shall raise  
Them, with my heart and hand, held  
Out to thee in marriage, that when I  
Am old, gray and old, you will also be.  
For I know, from the fountains of  
My heart, that you will ever honor  
And care for me.

*Per.* Marpessa, your selection  
Be good, to the highest degree, your  
Pure intelligence, I do esteem, most  
Undoubtable but apt my fancy is to  
Rove, unchecked on the  
Roving carriage of my mind. Through  
Experience, I learn of things pure and  
Remote, which before us, is the prime  
Of wisdom, lying in trenches,  
Deep and dark.

*Ida.* Persephone, thankful am I to thee,  
For the true heart of my bride, be  
Greatly encouraged.

*Apo.* The sun, his beams shall,  
Forever heat uncomfortable, and  
Burn the face of your honymoon,  
In every latitude you roam.

*Zeu.* Apollo, dry up; you more  
Then exasperate the fountain of  
Ignorance.

*Per.* To the very bottom of  
My feet, I am undoubtable disgusted  
At Apollo's remarks.

*Gae.* O say Zeus, what's, the latest  
In reference to war?

*Zeu.* Well Gaea, this moment, the latest  
News I've received, O may I reveal to thee.

*Gae.* Would it asperate the happy  
Course my thoughts pursue, if not,

## THE REBELLION IN HEAVEN.

At once proceed.

*Zeu.* Lucifer, satan the Devil, is forever  
Banished out of heaven, on the throne of  
Hell, he must forever reign, the true  
And the living God, the creator of  
All things, visible and invisible, the  
Omnipotent being, he thus  
Declared peace in heaven, that  
Love shall forever reign therein.

## The Beginning of Time and Things.

*Continued from Scene I.*

Book VII., Act I., Scene VI.

*Enter* CHIMERA, MEDUSA, MINOTAUR *and* PLUTO.

*Re-enter* URANUS, GAEA *and* APOLLO.

*Ura.* My dear comrades, in the  
Begining of time, chaos was the  
Huge mass of darkness, in chaos  
All things which now exist, where  
Hid, one from the other severed not,  
Of its own, nothing had a separate  
Form. After a long time, asunder  
Chaos parted, the heavens and the  
Earth were thus divided. Above  
In the sky, the sun, moon, and  
Stars mounted, but with the earth  
Below, remained water stones and  
Trees.

*Gae.* Uranus, I am proud of our  
Family.

*Ura.* Yea, I be also, but not of the  
Hundred-Armed and One-Eyed Children,  
Which are as big as mountains, into  
The dark pit Tartarus, below the  
Earth, I will banish them forever.

*Gae.* Why temper your stay, in this  
Golden age, to impenitence? Why  
Turn your back to your ugly children?

*Ura.* Because they be so hideous.

*Gae.* In grief, you sow into my heart,  
The dark seed of exasperation.  
O, Cronus, my dear son, the youngest

## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS.

Of the beautiful Titans, will you  
Promise me, to fetch up your hundred-  
Armed and one eyed brothers out of  
Tartarus? If you will, I will help you  
To dethrone your father, Uranus, that  
You yourself may become king of the  
Gods.

*Enter CRONUS and the SIX TITANS.*

*Re-enter RHEA.*

*Cro.* Mother, I will,

*Gae* The cutting steel bright as  
Silver, I will create and a sharp  
Sickle, I will give to you, to kill your  
Father, Uranus, while asleep.

*Cro.* Mother, your desire shall  
Be granted. I will slay my father  
That I may rule over the world  
In his stead, that the other gods  
May obey me.

*The Five Titans.* Cronus, thou art  
Declared king, over the world.

*Cro.* Rhea, here is my right hand, held  
Out to thee in marriage, will you except?

*Rhe.* I will.

*Cro.* O my hundred-armed and one-  
Eyed brothers, arise. Come forth out of  
Tartarus.

*Rhe.* Cronus the door bell is ringing.

*Cro.* I will answer.

*Rhe.* Well, make haste.

*Cor.* Who's there?

*Enter THE HUNDRED-ARMED AND ONE-EYED  
BROTHERS.*

*H.-A. and O.-E. B.* Your hundred-armed and one-

## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS.

Eyed brothers from Tartarus.

*Cor.* Welcome.

*H.-A. and O.-E. B.* O brother Cronus how  
Thankful we are to be delivered  
From the shackles of bondage and  
Misery.

*Cor.* I trust your stay on earth,  
Be contented.

*H. A and O. E. B.* Yea, we be most  
Contented.

*Cor.* Brothers since you came  
Up out of Tartarus. I have changed  
My mind, you will kindly return to  
Tartarus again, I am afraid of you.

*H.-A. and O.-E. B.* What silly imagination  
Be thus springing up in your heart ?

*Cor.* There be no imagination  
Whatever. Be off, be off, away,  
Away, into Tartarus again.

*Gae.* Nothing my treachery has gained.

*Rhea.* True, you said it.

*Cro.* Rhea, I thus declare thee  
Queen over the world

*Rhea.* Happy am I to become  
The Queen of the summit of Mount  
Olympus.

*Chi.* Gaea, I see that you have  
Gained but little by your treachery  
Against your husband. Cronus has  
Drove back again into Tartarus  
His hundred-armed and one-eyed  
Brothers, the hope, planted into  
Your heart be most wretched that  
Cronus should loose his kingly  
Power.



## THE BEGINNING OF TIME AND THINGS

*Min.* What excuse, if any, can  
She make of her most horrible invention?  
Perhaps her thoughts were dreams,  
Her will thus back'd with resolution,  
Her blackest crime be cleared with  
Determination, into the wicked  
Chamber she stalks, and gazeth on  
That bloody sickle, till her frail joints  
Doth shake.

*Med.* Gaea, your wrong, call  
Me not to justify, your wickedness lays  
Cold upon my heart, with thy  
Tongue and eye, wound me not. By art,  
Slay me not. Out of my sight, O tell me  
Thy love be elsewhere, for I know  
It's true. aside, thine eye forbear  
To glance, your cunning and might,  
All my inward feelings doth wound,  
For it be more than all my o'er press'd  
Defence can hide. On my face, you  
Turn your foes, that your injuries,  
Elsewhere might dart. With too much  
Disdain, do not press my patience,  
Only be as cruel, as the greater, art wise.  
Lest my words express, the sorrow of my pity  
Wanting pain.

*Plu.* Her woe seldom sleeps, she  
Looks for night, when night, not long  
Hath pass'd.

*Chi.* She hath found, no doubt,  
Forlorn, for she doth lament.

*Plu.* I Cannot doubt your words to  
Be true,

*Chi.* I see that Uranus and Cronus,  
First kindled the painful fire, thus  
Burning in her heart.

*Med.* Her eye perhaps interprets  
To the ear, the dark motions it doth  
Behold. Her woe doth bear, a part,

## THE GOLDEN AGE

Of every part, of crime and sorrow we see.

*Apo.* Her pale blooming light, breeds  
But sorrow in my burning heart, to see  
Her dignity, march with pride to her  
Noble stand, within the noble ranks  
Of blue veins, her eyes did scale, thus  
Left those orbs of pale sullen turrets,  
Destitute.

*Plu.* Apollo, my disputation, his  
Merits I esteem, with a hot burning will,  
And frozen conscience, still  
Morose trail of thoughts, thus urging  
Worse sense of pure effects, which  
Doth proceed not, though virtuous  
Deeds intended not, shows vile,  
What is in me dark, those moments  
In me disrepute, my peace, they do  
Confound and kill.

### The Golden Age.

#### SCENE VII.

*Enter* ATHAMAS, BELLEROPHON, CADMUS, ENDYMION  
and EROS

*Re-enter* CRONUS, ARTEMIS and RHEA.

*Rhe.* O say, Cronus, what age is this ?

*Cro.* Why my dear; this is the  
Golden age.

*Rhe.* O chief of throned powers,  
Sweet heaven's perpetual king,  
Upheld by the great strength of  
Omnipotence. Much thanks for  
The great blessing, which from the  
Windows of heaven, thou did'st  
Shower down on the garden of  
Earth, O how delightful this  
Golden age doth seem.

## THE GOLDEN AGE

*Alf.* Yea always springtime,  
Beautiful flowers bloom thus, in the  
Woods and meadows round me gorgeous,  
O how delightful it is, to inhale the  
Scent of their sweet perfume.

*Cro.* It's necessary not, that mankind  
Should labor ; no tilling of the  
Ground, no plowing of the earth  
Required, delicious fruits grow wild  
Everywhere, no houses needed, the  
Sky his gorgeous ceiling, beneath the  
Roof and garret of ages, the earth  
Thus shelters, and the foundation  
Of richly carpets of velvet green.  
Rich and poor friendly united,  
Life and goodness, hand in hand,  
Thus promenade. Mankind never  
Grows old, but remains young and  
Happy always.

*Rhe.* Oh ! tell me Cronus, what will  
Happen after the golden age ?

*Cro.* My dear, the world will go  
Right on for thousands of years,  
Then summer and winter will appear,  
Bad and good weather will exist.  
There will be in the harvest of peace,  
A bright sunshine, then mankind  
Will live happy and contented, at times,  
Under the shadow of a god-like spirit.

*Ero.* Yea, instinctive love most  
Beautiful, the capacity of refinement,  
Fair it seems, yet, it be neither true nor trusty.

*Alf.* In this golden age, no horror  
On my brain, be stir : must I relent ? where's  
The call I bend in grief, O relish and  
Character those mountains I wind. No  
Cause have, yet I weep for thee ; in  
My will, nothing I leave, more than I  
Do crave. O Paradise, dear friend,

## THE GOLDEN AGE

I pardon no crave of thee, no discontent  
Doth thou bequeath to me that  
Golden bud faded not, in the spring of  
Youth, those bright pearls of silver  
Bloom, fair creatures thou art skill'd.

*Bel.* Sweet Poetry and Music agree,  
From beautiful notes of liberty.  
I need no defense, for I cannot  
Remorse, sweet sound melodious  
My ear lovest. Immortal sense I  
Cannot ravish, though my conceit  
Be such as passing all conceit.  
The queen of music, in deep delight  
In me be chiefly crown'd.

*Endy.* O thou art my share, good  
Rest, lower night kept my rest away, in  
A cabin, hang'd with care, my descent  
On doubts of decay. The night doth  
Post too soon. Those hours added to  
Minutes, now to spite me, both moon and  
Stars seem but motes.

*Ath.* I can reprove what you  
Have urged, the path which leadeth  
Not to danger, be smooth. Love of this  
Age I cannot hate, to every pilgrim,  
It lends embracements, excuse be  
Strange, but in me it's common.  
Why reason with abuse? Reason with  
Sense, that sense may reason with  
Love, call it pure love, for love in  
Heaven is not fled. Then blotting with  
No blame, fresh beauty, no tyrant  
Stains, which bereaves not.

*Cad.* One moment, Athamas; I hear the wretched  
Songs of Satan; O how they do remorse  
The temples bereaved, I must relent,  
Or I'll thus quoth he on his satiety.

*Ero.* This sweet rising morn, my  
Watch, doth charge the heart of my

## THE GOLDEN AGE

Teeth. From idle rest, each moving  
Sense, doth trust the office of mine  
Eyes, which doth welcome, beautiful  
Sunshine and daylight, thus drives  
Away the night so packed, and  
My dismal dreaming errors.

*Cad.* For pleasant shades, the  
Herds have gone, all but in love, not  
Forlorn, at the cool mother-queen  
Brook, their nostrils temper'd be,  
Thus throwing in the ivy mantle  
Spray, where golden fountains lie.  
There with a glorious eye, the sun,  
The world survey'd, yet not so rich  
And royal, as the trail of  
The beautiful Artemis

*Bel.* Fair roses, sweet flowers;  
The scent of love, timely bloom, not  
Faded, O sweet immortal creatures,  
Most virtuous, most fair.

*Endy.* Most true, on their  
Beauty I look, in me, affections  
Not new, on my thoughts, in my  
Heart, they cannot blench, my  
Appetite doth grind, to serve the sweet  
Character of this age.

*Bel.* Then with fortune,  
You do not chide, the happy rose of  
Harmful deeds.

*Endy.* The sweet chronicle of  
Time, characters in them, the  
Beauty of this age, thus sowing in  
Nature. a beautiful rhyme.

*Ero.* Yea, of this age all our lovers be  
True, we know they're made of truth.  
No good-by they say, no parting  
Tender'd is. In me, doth incorporate,  
A sweet embrace, which grows as it  
Seems, like a heavenly moisture, on

## PARADISE

The coral of my youth.

*Endy.* That sweet rhetoric of the  
Heavenly eye, his argument in my  
Heart doth hold, my vows be of this  
Age, but all my love be heavenly. No  
Punishment, for there's no vows broken,  
Of this age, though the end be near,  
Yea, at the very door.

### Paradise

Book VII., Act I., Scene VIII.

*Re-enter* CRONUS, ZEUS, URANUS, VENUS, GAEA  
and RHEA.

*Cro.* Pure air and all things, be  
Thus sincere and heavenly, the pure strain  
Of wonder, all eternity through.

*Zeu.* God well knows righteousness,  
Scarce we stop, thus to ponder on the  
Beauty of thoughts. Unchanged, his  
Hand forever be that through all  
Eternity and Immortality

*Gae.* Silent and pure, happiness most  
Tender be, where golden fountains lie.  
Sweet life goes on, and on, unforget.  
My soul, the ties of earth doth bind,  
The horizon grows most brilliant, deep  
And wide, that the other side seems  
Undoubtable near.

*Rhe.* O God of heaven, of this age, what  
Vestures shall we wear? Shall they be  
Princely gowns, white or purple? Thus  
Believing in God, the creator of  
All things, immortal peace shall  
Abide in us,

*Uru.* Yea, let us live in hope, too.

*Gae.* The fairest garments, of

## PARADISE

Seamless robes we must wear.

*Zeu.* Then; be it most well with us.

*Ven.* They be sweet fadeless vestures  
Of unchangeing love

*Cor.* Most sincere, I believe.

*Zeu.* On the shining threads of this  
Age, in youth, my years doth ripen.

*Ven.* Thou golden gates, O fling  
Wide, weigh our thoughts on the  
Golden hinge, the future grace,  
Most purely deep in delicious wells, for  
Those smooth and happy rivers in us,  
Be but lakes of love.

*Rhe.* The weight of time, lies  
Smooth and delightful, on the  
Golden lever of this age.

*Cro.* Our non-weary gait thus  
Characters in us, sweet desire

*Ven.* It seems to be the race we  
Run, undoubtable most esteem'd.

*Cro.* From the marrow of youth,  
On strength we feed, the sweet  
Comb of content.

*Ura.* The true and the living God,  
Said, let us make man in our image,  
After our likeness : let them have  
Dominion over the fish of the sea,  
Over the fowl of the air, over the cattle,  
Over every creeping thing, and over all  
The earth.

*Gae.* Uranus, God of heaven,  
Created man in our image, and  
Gave him dominion over all the earth.

*Ura.* Good it be ; O, what a

## PARADISE

Wonderful and mighty God, be he !

*Gae.* Yea ; out of the dust of earth  
Man was wonderfully made.

*Cro.* In Eden, the beautiful garden  
Of Paradise, man was thus put, to  
Dress and keep it.

*Rhe.* O, say, Cronus, in yonder cave,  
Man be dead asleep, him I  
Cannot waken.

*Cro.* Yea ; while man be yonder  
Asleep, god taken'd from his side,  
A rib, and thus made him a woman,  
Help mate ; and brought her unto him.

*Zeu.* God of heaven, named man Adam  
And Adam, named the woman Eve.

*Cro.* Adam said, this is now  
Bone of my bones and flesh of my  
Flesh, she must be called woman,  
Because she was taken out of man.

*Zeu.* Man shall leave his father  
And mother and shall cleave to  
His wife, they shall both be one  
Flesh.

*Enter ADAM and EVE.*

*Ada.* Eve, my dear; on the watery  
Carriage of desire, mine eyes doth roll  
With pleasure, as I gaze upon the  
Beautiful roses of your cheeks. To see  
Thee so happy, so loving and true.

*Eve.* My dear, this age, be most  
Delightful. I will praise thee, O Lord,  
The Creator of this age.

*Ada.* Exalted be thou, above the  
Heavens O God, above all the earth,  
Let thy glory be.



## PARADISE

*Eve.* In both the heavens and the  
Earth, thy mercy be great, O Lord,  
God of heaven.

*Ada.* Those shadows downward cast,  
They cannot, our golden temples bereave.

*Eve.* The happy tide of thoughts, have purchased  
Our content.

*Ada.* O, let us rejoice, and praise the great God  
Of heaven, for he hath strengthen'd the bars of  
Our gates, within our borders, he maketh peace,  
He filleth them with the finest of fruit.

*Eve.* O, let us forever worship the God of heaven,  
For in this garden of Eden it be so delightful.

# HUMANITY LOST.

BEGINNING AND END OF ALL FLESH

Scene I., Act II.

*Enter* PROMETHEUS, EPIMETHEUS.

*Re-enter* ADAM, EVE, CRONUS, ZEUS and LUCIFER

*Pro.* As the serpent was more  
Subtle than any beast of the field,  
Aspiring as he thought, much determent,  
To wreck his loss, on innocent mankind,  
His wretchedness, thus belched up poison,  
Which doomed their happy fountains  
Of peace.

*Luc.* Eve, thou art the fairest, and  
The most beautiful creature on earth,  
God hath said, ye shall not eat of  
Every tree of the garden.

*Eve.* We may eat of the fruit, of the  
Trees of the garden, but of the fruit  
Of the tree, which is in the midst  
Of the garden, God hath said, ye shall  
Not eat of it, lest ye die.

*Luc.* Ye, shall not die, eat of it.

*Pro.* The day ye eat thereof,  
Your eyes will be opened, then ye  
Will know good from evil.

*Eve* I saw that the tree was good  
For food, which was so pleasing to me,  
A tree to be desired to make one wise,  
I took of the fruit thereof, and did  
Eat and gave unto my husband,  
And he did eat also.

## HUMANITY LOST

*Pro.* Eve, tell me the result of your  
Disobedience to god.

*Eve.* Our eyes were opened both,  
My husband and I, then we knew good,  
From evil. That beautiful  
Omphacine, on yonder forbidden  
Tree, my wretched taste, brought  
Into the world, mortality and all  
Our woe.

*Ada.* Eve; my dear, O say,  
You know I think I hear the voice of  
God; walking in the garden.

*Eve.* My dear, true it be.

*Ada.* Come let us steal away,  
Amongst the trees out of his sight.

*Eve.* Adam, my dear, God is calling thee.

*Ada.* What said he ?

*Eve.* Adam, where art thou ?

*Ada.* O my God, I heard thy voice in  
The garden, I hid myself, because I  
Was afraid

*Cro.* I heard the voice of God, say unto  
You, Adam, hast thou eaten of the  
Tree, whereof I commanded thee not to eat ?

*Ada.* O my God, my wife did eat,  
She gave to me, and I did eat.

*Cro.* Eve, I hear the voice of God  
Saying unto thee, what is this, that thou  
Hast done ?

*Eve.* O my God, the serpent beguiled  
Me, and I did eat.

*Zeus.* Lucifer, I hear the voice of God,  
Saying unto thee, because thou hast done  
This, ever, thou art cursed, all thy

## HUMANITY LOST

Life, dust shall thou eat. Between thee,  
And the seed of the woman, enmity  
Shall ever exist.

*Cro.* Eve, God hath said, unto  
Thee, thy sorrow, I will greatly multiply.

*Zeu.* Adam, God hath said, unto thee,  
Because, unto your wife, her voice, thou  
Hast hearkened, cursed is the ground,  
For thy sake, ever, in sorrow shall thou  
Eat.

*Ada.* On the rolling carriage of desire,  
In pleasure, did mine eyes revolve, to see my  
Beautiful bride, so happy, so loving, and  
True, as to share with me, part of that  
Omphacine.

*Zeu.* Adam, God hath said, bread, shall thou eat,  
from  
The sweat of thy face, unto the ground shall  
Thou return, for dust thou art, unto  
Dust, shall thou return.

*Ura.* Lucifer, thou art the forerunner  
Of all crime, thou cannot, the zealous  
Host flank, O God of heaven, save this  
Fallen world. O God of heaven, save the  
Coming generations. O God of heaven,  
Judge them, by thy power and wisdom.

*Ada.* Uranus, there is an echo,  
Which torments the rear porches of  
My ears, it pains me. I cannot answer;  
I am sick at heart. Yet I thrive; but  
Woe lies deep in the marrow of my  
Bones, I steal away in the quiet of  
Youth, I but exist in vanity, O do  
Cherish the pipes of my heart, thou  
Omnipotent hand held out to  
Me, in thy wrath rebuke me  
Not, in thy displeasure, chastise  
Me, in me, thine arrows stick fast,

## HUMANITY LOST

I am sore at heart, no soundness  
In me, through disobedience,  
Thou art angry, in dust, my  
Bones decay, iniquities swallow  
Me, the burden lays heavy,  
Too heavy for me, in this yoke, I  
Cannot avail, from my wounds,  
The fowl scent of corruption flows,  
Because of my sin. O, how feeble and sore  
Broken, through disquietness of my  
Heart, I roar the length of night.

*Eve* O God, my desire is before thee,  
My groaning is not hid, my heart  
Panteth, my strength faileth, the  
Light of my eyes is gone, all my lovers  
Have fled, I stand not aloof, I am  
Dumb, deaf and blind.

I cannot see the merciful hand,  
Nor hear the holy word of command.

I am ready to halt, I'll soon be no more  
God forsake me not, I will declare  
My sin, my loss, I hope to regain.  
I will heed my ways, while the tempter  
Is before me. Let me know mine end,  
And the measure of my days.  
How frail may I be, my age be nothing  
Before thee, I am but vanity, I  
Heapeth up riches, who shall  
Gather them, I cannot tell thee, O God  
My hope is in thee, what wait I for?  
By the blow of thine hand, I am  
Consumed.

*Ada.* The ploughers make long  
Their furrows, let the cords of the  
Wicked be cut asunder, out of the  
Depths I cried, my voice be faint,  
Good rather to be chosen than  
Riches. God be the maker of all,  
Rich and poor shall meet together,  
Strife and reproach will cease,

## HUMANITY LOST

Whatever we sow we shall reap.  
The transgressor, outgrowth of  
Knowledge, shall exasperate me.  
They cannot debar their short pleasures  
Speeding thus, nor confuse the  
Tide of happy deeds. Tender thoughts  
Occasionally drift in the narrow  
Straits of their mind. The flowers of  
Silent war shall unlock the treasure  
Of Tarquin's tent, shall be clear  
Unmatched, in triumph of delight.  
I brave only the duty, which doth  
Of itself persuade, and touch not  
The bait of knowledge, which lie in  
Fathoms deep.

*Epi.* The rod of anger will  
Fail. The secret gift of mankind,  
Pacifieth no strife. The end of inheritance  
Gotton hastily, cannot be blessed.  
The scorner's punishment on us graze.  
Sacrifice, be not more acceptable,  
Than justice, feeding on truth.  
Desired treasures, the oil of danger,  
In criminal burning lamps. Those  
Who find life, are the true planters  
Of righteousness, thus they be  
Reward reapers. Sowers of iniquity,  
Be vanity reapers. Let truth be  
Upheld. Justice determined,  
Mercy throned in all, the heavens  
Then rejoice, to see the righteous  
Triumph in love.

*Pro.* Lucifer, your courage breeds but  
Sorrow on the mantle of guilty thoughts.

*Luc.* When in heaven I involuntarily withdrew  
From off the files of war. I must bear and forbear.  
Guilty pains, thus tormenting me,  
On my bosom they lay cold in death,  
Which voluntarily rebound in me, I  
Shall ever and ever burn, mid the sap,  
Within the heart of flames.

## HUMANITY LOST

### SCENE II.

*Enter* CAIN, ABLE *and* DEMONS OF HELL.

*Re-Enter* POSEIDON, PLUTO, LUCIFER *and*  
PROMOTHEUS.

*Plu.* Poseidon, King Lucifer will hold  
A mass meeting at the capital of hell,  
In the palace loyal to his kingdom,  
He will be the orator before the assemblage.

*Pos.* Tell me the nature of the  
Meeting and oration.

*Plu.* King Lucifer desires to address  
His governors, princes, lords, dukes, judges,  
And all his great spirits. He desires  
Greatly to tell them of his glorious  
Visit to the new-created world, and  
Of his wonderful success.

*Pos.* What success ?

*Plu.* In tempting the woman, thus  
Influenced her, to eat the fruit of the  
Tree, of which she was commanded  
Not to eat.

*Pos.* After king Lucifer's oration,  
Then what will take place ?

*Plu.* There will be given by his  
Govenors, Lords, Dukes and Judges,  
A grand luncheon, in honor of  
His return at home. His successful  
Visit to the new-created world,  
Called earth.

*Pos.* It be most delightful toast,  
No doubt.

*Plu.* True it be.

## HUMANITY LOST

*Enter RHADAMANTHUS, PHOCUS and MINOS*

The mass meeting at Lucifer's Palace opened by Phocus. Judge Rhadamanthus was elected Chairman of the meeting.

*Pho.* To order ; dear hearers, I am  
Pleased greatly, to have the honor, to  
Name as chairman of this meeting  
Our most, Honorable Judge Rhadamanthus.  
All in favor of him for such, will  
Please give their consent by saying "aye,"  
Or else remain silent.

*The Assemblage.* "Aye, aye, aye."

*Pho.* My dear Honorable Judge I am  
Delighted undoubtedly, to have the  
Pleasure to inform you, that you are  
Elected chairman of this meeting.  
My dear hearers, through the channels  
Of my veins, flows the tide of pleasure  
To know that I'm blessed with the  
Opportunity this moment, to introduce  
To you our elect chairman  
Of this meeting, the most Honorable  
Judge Rhadamanthus, the  
President Judge of the Supreme  
Court of Hell.

*Rha.* My dear hearers  
Your attention for one moment, I  
Kindly beg of you, Remember when  
In heaven, on yonder plain and hill,  
In dale those vaulted shades under  
Pendent gloom, fed on the dead  
Of night, that beneath clouds of  
Darkness, on the flying carriage  
Of pain; then the Sun of Orient  
Pearl, smote warmly, first, the morn of  
Open field, where guilty roses fled, now  
Appears on floods and lakes, their



## HUMANITY LOST

Weary passage darksome. Balm  
And gums odorous, which for us  
Wept, round that sapphire fount,  
Successful, the boon of nature, did  
Once in us bend. The rind of golden  
Fruit, was forever banished, still  
In us, our loss breeds no repentance,  
But lower we fall. No flowery lap,  
Her store do'h spread. To ordain the  
Passage of death, which in us burn.  
'Mid no comfortable stars, which on  
Time, we stole upon the dead of night,  
Through the burning flames, how  
Far shall we be driven. The season  
We serve. Celestial spirits may surprise,  
For pure thoughts lie deep, dead and still.  
Between desire and dread, no longer ;  
Should we be madly toss'd.  
Now I am much pleased to have the  
Honor, to introduce to you our  
Most honorable and worthy king,  
King Lucifer.

*King. Luc.* My dear hearers, my  
Heart is embellished with much  
Pleasure, undoubtable, to have  
The opportunity to address this  
Meeting, the noble assemblage,  
Of wonderful patriotic spirits,  
The most brilliant stars of my  
Kingdom. In this capital, we  
Adore the chaste blood of this nation,  
On us justly stain'd. The rights of  
This kingdom. Let us brave our  
Hearts to maintain. The future  
Proved better, had I lived ignorant, alone  
I've enough to bear, each day's lot, my  
Part of evil only, for on me lights the  
Burden of many ages, abortive birth  
Gaining, by my fore-knowledge, ere  
Their being with thought, to torment  
Me, they must be. What shall befall

## HUMANITY LOST

The natives of my kingdom, I trust no evil;  
More then have we. Must I bear grievous,  
To feel in substance, in apprehension,  
The future evil, I trust my fore-knowledge  
Can prevent. The cease of violence.  
Hope had I, of war in the new created  
World, but violence yet, be not ceased,  
With me, all so well, would have gone.  
On earth, peace, would have crowned  
The happy length of golden days,  
Deceived; I am, most undoubtable, for  
I see waste in war, corruption to peace,  
Those celestial guides, the truth unfold,  
They in wealth are luxurious, thus  
Triumph in hope. Eminent, powerless,  
Yet in them perish not, self-substantial  
Flames, that of great exploits, and no  
Virtue void, which did, on celestial  
Plains, and in dale, tender moments  
Breed. Now ever, from off the target of woe,  
Hangs the impenetrable art of mankind,  
For within the locks of death, no  
Lascivious key, can turn the mortal  
Springs to life. My dear loyal  
Citizens, I now desire to make you  
Acquainted with my visit to the  
New-created world called earth,  
And my wonderful success. The  
First I did, I selected the most  
Subtle beast of the field, to  
Serve as my visible agent. First  
Approach'd he the woman,  
As the most weak sex, she proved to  
Be, which to success, gave vent. To her,  
Said he, eat of the tree, thou art  
Commanded not to eat, surely die, thou  
Shall not. He; the woman did obey,  
Then all things which were  
Immortal, became mortal, I am thus  
Greatly pleased with the result. I have  
Decided, to set up, both a visible,  
And invisible kingdom, in the

## HUMANITY LOST

New-created world, called earth, in  
That world, I shall establish a standing  
Army invisible, to protect my rights  
There. My loss, and everlasting curse,  
I am determined, to continue to wreck  
On all mankind. Of the invisible  
Standing army, I myself will be the  
Commander-in-chief. All riots,  
Visible and mortal depredation,  
Among mankind, of those prove  
Most competent, I shall select,  
As leaders of bloody riots, and all  
Depredation, which thus shall exist.  
I'll select only those, who, my rights to  
The last degree, will defend.  
Cain, of mankind, ye be the most  
Thirsty spirit of blood, ye I do  
Appoint, as commander of all  
Bloody work in this new-created world,  
Your post of duty, at once command.

*Cain.* Yea, most worthy king, I will.

*Ada.* Cain, my son, ye be selected  
By God, as tiller of the ground, I  
Trust your produce, will be  
Pleasing to the lord.

*Abl.* Father, what kind of work, did  
God select for me ?

*Ada.* Son, God hath said, ye shall  
Be keeper of the sheep

*Cain.* Father, in yonder rotten pile  
Of rubbish, lies buried, my fruit  
Of the ground, before the lord.

*Abl.* Father, at yonder gorgeous  
Fountain-springs, the firstling,  
And fat of my flock, there feed  
Before the Lord.

*Ada.* Able, the Lord be greatly  
Pleased with your offering.

## HUMANITY LOST

*Cain.* What about my offering?

*Ada.* Son, the Lord be not  
Pleased with your offering.

*Cain.* Ah! you don't tell me so

*Abl.* Brother, be patient, try again.  
For endless power of omnipotence, be thus triumph  
In love, much success, his stay want'd, need no advise

*Cain.* Able, come let us go to the  
Field.

*Abl.* Brother, very well.

*Cain.* Able, your offering before  
The Lord, I most bitterly hate,  
T'o the very bottom of my heart.

*Abl.* Dear brother, many dark  
Fathoms of sorrow, down deep  
Into my heart, lay silent and  
Tender, for thee. There feeding on  
Grief alone be patient, your success,  
The future worm, will yet breed

*Cain.* Able, no talk of that kind I want  
To hear, I shall give you but  
Five minutes to live, if or not, you wish  
You can make your peace with God.

*Min.* your honor, most worthy king.  
Pleased undoubtable; am I; with  
The heroic courage of Cain, all  
Forms, moods of grief denote he.  
The downcast, depreciation before  
Omnipotence esteem'd not, though  
Involved blood shed, yet I lie, the  
Brand of blood, seem but  
Trappings and suits of woe, yet from  
That impious act, all seem brandish.

*Pho.* Judge, true it be; all appear  
Brandish.

## HUMANITY LOST

*Min.* I see descriptions of fairest  
Realms, songs heroic, late beginning,  
Thus ring canorous, choosing subjects,  
Of the unpremeditat'd verse.

*Pos.* That wretched image, whose  
Blood, thus be branded in all mankind  
In sorrow, time be short, but long  
It seems, heavy be his woe. seldom he  
Sleeps, this I know.

*Min.* Exaggeration, lies many  
Fathoms deep in you.

*Pos.* Though we may lie, yet let us  
Survey mountains of truth

*Pro.* Truth be the virtue. many  
Notes deep in love, yet cold and late,  
On his wintry wing, thus intended to  
Soar, but much depressed, nightly to my  
Ear brings no satiety, after stars have  
Fled. O say, what office, to us, shall  
Bring the light of Hesperus, 'twixt day  
And night. In twilight I muse, down  
This bright calade, I must patrol, though slow and  
pensive  
I move.

*Pos.* O say, Prometheus, what devilish bridge is  
that  
Which spans the natural ravines of  
Human love?

*Pro.* Why, that's the honorable  
Bridge of Cain, built of criminal metallic  
Ore, thus on wretched piers of bloody steel.

*Pos.* Will it long there stay ?

*Pro.* Until eternity.

*Plu.* On innocent plains and in  
Dale, tender moments, did once, on us  
Breed.

## HUMANITY LOST

*Pro.* True it be.

*Plu.* That meditated fraud, bent  
On mankind's destruction, which  
Before the threats of archangels fled,  
Heavier on himself, which might hap  
Returned fearless, then fled from off the  
Files of war.

*Pro.* Pronounced he most  
Sternly, grief, sorrow and woe, to  
His dreaded ear, yet resound echos  
Lost, from o'er the nodding beach.

*Pos.* O say, under the veil of thought  
Eager to grasp am I, those dark  
Bubbles of pain, thus drifting on  
The mental seas of woe, what  
Carriage have I to bear, thus  
Speeding on wheels of crime, art  
Thou the pale-faced hornet,  
Within the archet, where my  
Possessions lie, for in natural  
Gheer, his single-sighted orb,  
Reverse in me, the innocent  
Bell of desire.

*Pro.* His soul inward, vexation  
Deep, on his tongue, hath served a  
Mute arrest. The sting of poison  
Flames, through narrow gates, his  
Courage storm'd in me the fountains  
Of peace.

*Rha.* Whatever, I've no  
Repentance to recall, for that develish  
Ram, back rebounds on me, O how  
His echos do, remorse the human  
Dells, and mortal fountains in dale.  
In me, silly groans lie dark and  
Still, that most tender and stale,  
Yet my wretched courage doth survive.

*Pro.* Into revolts, your range  
Of character where thus involved,

## HUMANITY LOST

Evil-influenced misled, though  
Warlike, voluntarily inclined. No doubt,  
Discontented dreams lie in dark  
Chambers of tormented thoughts, with  
Thee, seem objects lamentable,  
Though pioneer laboring, with  
Sweat, thou art much begrimed,  
Yet from mute towers, thou art old.

*Pos.* Minos, from thee, the speed and length of days,  
Have past, as scarlet, though your  
Sins may be, like crimson, yet they  
Be red, but they; not as wool, nor whiter  
Than snow, can ever be. In your  
Heart, the passage of moral fountains,  
Be forever corroded, what space, have  
Expired in thee, for there's not a  
Blooming hair I can measure. Back  
To the storage of truth, shall I  
Recall, for your character booms in me  
Disguise, by a chief incompetent, thou art  
Deceived, when in heaven, his influence,  
Much strength, proved successful, to  
Thousands of spirits lost.

*Min.* My forbearance, under the guilty  
Roof of desire, yet lies pitched with dark  
Remembrance, that silly roll of war,  
Spawned in me, many dark deeds of  
Crime, which in pain, I must forever  
Bear. The burden in me, lies hideous,  
Impatient, hysterical, ah! in me, what  
A task, must I bear, or fall away, this I  
Can't, for the hell I suffer, torments  
The space of no retreat. The task worth  
Worn, in me finds no surrender,  
Yet the sweet appetite of doubt,  
Tells many fables, which makes me  
Wise. My subjects prone thus breeding  
In me, thoughts I cannot reveal, on  
Curiosity, I drift, who's sails of  
Spreading canvas, thus boom over  
Anger billows of other seas, for wonders

## HUMANITY LOST

Within my wretched frame, tells me fables of  
King Lucifer.

*Rha.* Say; King Lucifer tells me, his heart is made of truth,  
Undoubtably; I believe him, though I know he lies,  
'Twas he who spawned into my heart the pain of youth,  
I'm sorry, but still in me his wretched knot he ties.

My success, link'd to fortune,  
Recorded thus in journals void,  
No advice would I heed, persuaded  
By spirits, not involved,  
But mooring in peace, their  
Foreknowledge thus ordain'd, aside  
'They laid the rolls of war, true to  
Omnipotence proved they. The  
Moorage of my stay, I've courage enough  
To break, but I can find no space of  
Repentance. Ah! Tell me where shall  
I fly? Beyond the boundaries of  
Knowledge, I'm tormented,  
Innocent, though I was led, voluntarily,  
For my signature, space I sought, on  
The devilish files of war.



POEMS.

**To the Orators of the Evening of The Hon.  
President M'Kinley's Memorial Service  
at the Academy of Music, Phila., Penn.,  
Sept. 19, 1901.**

Before types of eloquence,  
Most patiently we stood,  
To see the consequence,  
So determined we should.

The eloquent gestures  
With powerful tones from thee,  
Broke our grief into gestures,  
Esteem silents on thee.

Truthfully we believe  
That you meant what you said,  
It did our heart's relieve  
Some grief of beloved dead.

We saw thy precious thoughts,  
Thus trailing into truth,  
Yet deep into our thoughts,  
And the contented booth.

The arch-bishopric grief  
For our lost President,  
On esteemed spars we reef,  
Our base of resident.

On grief of architrave  
I hear the mourning knell  
Pounding on our hearts' grave,  
Thus through the living dell.

POEMS.

**A Poem on the Death of our President  
Hon. William McKinley.**

Within the boundaries of this brilliant Nation,  
Far back some fifty-eight years ago,  
To us, sprang from roots of its relation  
A noble bud, now in grief lays low  
Down with the stem of its national memory.  
In the vault'd tomb it must decay  
Down to silence and cold tears of liberty  
Thus premeditates no tears its way  
No more, on that noble stem of life shall bloom  
Nor on this dark wicked calade  
So soon was planted into our hearts its doom,  
Will never on our memory fade.  
Those pure thoughts of sweet contented bowers  
Breathed farewell to the bride of memory.  
"It is God's way, His will be done, not ours!"  
"Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee."  
We gently sing, "My God, silent to thee,  
Thou cold sepulchre's worm, silent to thee."

Many a sad flower has withered and passed away  
Of which we can never remember,  
But the palm on the stem of it's brilliant ray,  
Was doomed on the sixth of September  
'Twas then it withered slowly and passed away  
From the bellibone of our Nation,  
To meet its Creator in realms far away,  
Left to us the doom of creation.  
In the noble palace of our national reign.  
Thus blooming in the caves of our hearts.  
There on the world's base forever will remain,  
Blooming at the fountain of all hearts.  
Those pure thoughts of sweet contented bowers  
Breathed farwell to the bride of memory  
It is God's way, His will be done, not ours!  
Nearer my God to thee, near to thee.  
We gently sing, My God, silent to thee,  
Thou cold sepulchre's worm, silent to thee.

## POEMS

### On the Death of an American Dame.

WRITTEN 1895.

Many sad unnumbered tears flow  
Silent to the home of thy youth ;  
The home you loved and left below,  
Then fled to a Celestial booth  
Where all is love; there is no night,  
Nothing but day and holy light,

Parting from those you loved so much,  
To meet the never-dying one  
Who called you to life, never touch  
Again the bitter links you won,  
On the morning of your bondmaid  
The agonies of death you paid.

Behold with invisible eyes,  
Through the powerful telescope  
Of faith that guides us through the skies,  
The prize, the everlasting hope  
Where fountains of mercy doth flow,  
Far beyond death and all his foe

From the doom of that vaulted frail,  
Ever springs melodious tones  
On memory's unfathomed trail,  
Yet, in dust leaves nothing but bones.  
Life is nothing on this calade,  
To golden ravines you parade.

Let us on commemoration,  
Voluntarily feed every thought ;  
Then protect a moral nation,  
For justice all mankind has sought  
And won on earth a noble prize,  
For the race of the just and wise.

## POEMS

### The Hurricane

WRITTEN 1886.

O take me as I am,  
O take me now dear lamb.  
Oh take me where I shall abide,  
That I may be at rest.  
And make me thine indeed,  
Thy law I hope to heed.  
O take me to thy blessed side,  
Then I'll be ever blest.  
O may the hurricane roar,  
We'll then the sooner be o'er.  
We'll weather the sea, and land the free,  
On yon forever green shore.

I see many a twisted spar,  
Toss'd with heroic bar,  
Wharped in the wild hurricane gale,  
The boom o'er deck and sea.  
I see a distant bark,  
Like a sweet little lark,  
To the high western windward sail,  
With canvass o'er the lea.  
O may the hurricane roar,  
We'll then the sooner be o'er.  
We'll weather the sea, and land the free,  
On yon forever green shore.

To the Saviour, I cling,  
My faults to Thee I bring.  
I'll fight my way through storms on sea,  
And battle through the night.  
I'll coast the bars of love,  
And sail for hopes above  
I'll drift and anchor in the lea,  
And rest in realms of light.  
O may the hurricane roar,  
We'll then the sooner be o'er.  
We'll weather the sea, and land the free,  
On yon forever green shore.

## POEMS

There at the post I bend,  
My thoughts to thee I lend.  
My life I give to helm call,  
Life of the hurricane gale.  
I'll watch the cowardly flaw,  
There at the post of law,  
Then every line I'll carefully haul,  
Of every flopping sale.  
O may the hurricane roar,  
We'll then the sooner be o'er,  
We'll weather the sea, and land the free,  
On yon forever greenshore.

## POEMS

### On Time

Time is wasting away,  
Like a winter's night.  
And the moon's cold, cold ray,  
Floating out of sight.  
Time is bold,  
Was foretold,  
Uncontrolled,  
Brave and old.

Time of the brave but lives,  
Yet earth gives nothing.  
Nothing to nothing gives,  
Yet time is something.  
Time is bold,  
Was foretold,  
Uncontrolled,  
Brave and old.

Time shortens every day,  
How wretched art thou.  
Ah ! So gorgeous and gay,  
Time to faults allow.  
Time is bold,  
Was foretold,  
Uncontrolled,  
Brave and old.

Time is passing away,  
For soon, soon will end.  
No longer disobay,  
Time the end will send.  
Time is bold,  
Was foretold,  
Uncontrolled,  
Brave and old.

Time is but a thimble sound,  
On his memory's shade.  
It's the mote on heart's rebound,  
And a sepulchre's fade.  
Time is bold,  
Was foretold,  
Uncontrolled.  
Brave and old.

# DRAMATIC POEMS

On the Senatorial and Congressional Members and Orators  
of the United States of N. A., including all from  
the beginning of this Republic to this present day.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FIVE ORATORS OF THE UNITED STATES LAW MAKING  
BODY.

FIVE AMBASSADORS FROM EUROPE.

*Enter* EMPIRE, KINGDOM *and* REPUBLIC.

UNITED STATES		EUROPE
A, OF THE SENATE	KINGDOM,	F, OF ENGLAND
B, " " "	EMPIRE	G, OF FRANCE
C, " " "	and	H, OF RUSSIA
D, OF CONGRESS	REPUBLIC	I, OF GERMANY
E, " "		J, OF ITALY

SCENE I.

ACT I.

*Enter* J *and* A.

- J. I hear the ring of thoughts from Greek and Latin,  
Flashing through Royal Temples and in dale.
- A. Say; ye feed on my heart, O sweet words of ten,  
On thee I muse, which o'er and round the world  
trail.
- J. The oratorical thoughts of your national brave,  
Lie deep in the dells of morality,  
Where phrenology lies buried in culture's grave,  
Guarded by the science of mortality.

## DRAMATIC POEMS

- A.* Your words be as the moon, with her mortal eclipse,  
Chance ye lease, control my heart, it's rime on my  
lips.
- J.* Human eyes may wink with 'prenetic tears in vain,  
Beneath the cannon's roaring instrument,  
Of the brilliant orators of thy national brain,  
Wash'd with the brave blood of your government.
- A.* I know thou callest not my tongue idolatry,  
Your praises be most dear, my songs are liberty.
- J.* My fortunes chide, I'll ever thrive with your nation.
- A.* Then come with me; let us protect her foundation.

### SCENE II.

### ACT I.

*Enter B and G.*

- B.* Your true sweet character, my false heart cannot ink  
Now my thoughts are gored, I've nothing but love  
to link.
- G.* Far back upon the cultivated fields of art,  
Where the scientific orators grazed,  
In ancient day, with all their soul, body strength  
and heart,  
The American stars, from there was raised.
- B.* Oh! say friend, to yonder chariot, I'll hitch my  
strength,
- G.* Then you and I my love, can ride the wide world's  
length,
- B.* Dearer birth, my love had brought me much good  
return,  
There is ranks of much better equipage. I learn.
- G.* Oratory yet stands charged with ambitious aim,  
On morality's brave elevation  
Over the wide universe ye expand your name,  
And shoulder banners of resolution.



## DRAMATIC POEMS

- B.* I've harness'd of late, no forlorn, though expensive  
*G.* That inhem'd desire, quoth he; thus slow and  
pensive.

### SCENE I.

### ACT II.

*Enter I and D.*

- I.* I shall muse on your lips, most noble and great,  
Those hills of thunder, roaring in my ears.  
*D.* My deaf, dumb drench'd tears I passion, yet of late.  
*I.* Your voice, to my heart, brings but sweet flowing  
tears.  
*D.* Why; thee pain my stale dull words, thus tender  
noteth.  
*I.* Cause, hysterically my joints shake, and I doteth.  
*D.* I'll stamp, no down-trodden dust of my father's  
brave.  
*I.* Thy patriotism; on my heart, much love engrave

### SCENE II.

### ACT II.

*Enter C, REP., F, and EMP.*

- C.* When the group of many fathoms rose, please note  
Thus character'd, that I was but a mote.  
*Em.* The guilty warrant of your case, be thus costum'd  
*C.* Nay; my possessions thus barrack'd at home, not  
doomed.  
*F.* One stroke, I'll sway the left carriage of my arm.  
There's no other voice I can love dearer,  
Than the voice of American Statesman's storm,  
To us, no other nation is nearer.  
*C.* Though many winters cold, pale is the frozen tide,  
From the forest shook many summers of my pride.  
I'll verse the pure intended love for us, in thee.  
O come and see the barracks of our liberty.

## DRAMATIC POEMS

*Emp.* Your father once surprised my march, I shall quoth  
he.

*C.* Don't say my father was false, or unjust to thee.

*Emp.* Yonder bloody judge, forbade my tongue to speak  
life:

*Rep.* 'Twas he; who arm'd my flesh and soul, with blood  
and strife.

*King.* 'Twas he; who introduced to me, that bloody knife.

*F.* There's no down-trodden dust of our father's brave.

*C.* Nay; nothing we urge, we cannot reprove.

*F.* Virtue is love, love's device is but a slave,  
Contrive abuse, he ; no abuse remove.

*Rep.* My songs not tedious, out-worn, though many  
hours long.  
I teach my Senators law, O how brave and strong.

*Emp.* Much amazed, unaware, from life to tears have  
dropped.

*Rep.* But to repine, 'stonish'd my trust stook'd, thus  
round topped.

*Emp.* I wish I were; but a star to your noble trust.

*Rep.* Then; if the text be true, ye dare not say unjust.

### SCENE III.

### ACT II.

*Enter H, E and KINGDOM.*

*Re-Enter EMPIRE and REPUBLIC.*

*H.* E, to your honor; what Republic is this ?  
O, where am I ? Am I betwixt two heavens ?  
I am drench'd in golden free lakes, that's no miss,  
My cure in crimson, be under stroke of seven.

*E.* Thou warrant, the world's comforter of late,  
Your impression yields to things character'd great.

## DRAMATIC POEMS

- H.* My dear friend, I pardon no love I crave of thee
- E.* Say; no discontent, didst thou e'er bequeath to me.
- H.* My will, my heart, my hand still much of thee I  
crave  
Under myrtle contented shade, courage I brave.
- Emp.* There is many doubts in thee, I shall thus conclude.
- H.* Let all thy doubts and wants in thee, be thus  
renew'd.
- Rep.* This is my land, my acres, my fortune of miles.
- King.* Yea; no remote S or D, thee didst e'er beguile.
- Rep.* All my fondest, latest wants in thee, lie devote.
- King.* Ah! in thee, my faintest, latest doubts, be remote.
- Rep.* Still some later age, thus have sent my courage trail.
- King.* Thou the rose, thus blooming in my heart and in  
dale.
- Rep.* Scarce, my visage hide in garrets of idle thoughts.
- King.* Child, thou art the brightest rose, blooming on  
my thoughts.
- Rep.* Night and day, I shall gladly verse, and muse on  
your most noble chart
- King.* I'm the love, thou art the gate, thus swaying on  
the hinge of my heart.
- Rep.* Down the cold current, dark and pensive I row,  
hard to the windward.
- King.* East; south east, ye contend, right and left, ye  
twist the helm of your oar.
- Rep.* Hard I scull, though much content'd I cherish  
many dreams unheard,
- King.* Fretless, painless, ye can weather the sea, and scent  
the other shore.

**On the Presidents of this Republic from  
the First to this Present Day.**

Our President's on the Grand Union Lake,  
Typed with electric stars of freedom,  
Was rear'd for our independence sake,  
Those brave banners of our kindgom.

Not revolts, nor the hysterical tone,  
Delays the intellectual organ,  
Of our independent stars alone,  
The brave of our republic bargain.

Wars are over, United Victory won,  
Stripes of independence shall ever wave,  
With a cry brave contented boys fight on,  
Curfew calls thee home to father's brave.

Where's the star of freedom which cannot dim,  
And the eye that cannot roll in vain?  
The throne of this republic is for him,  
Whose name and honor shall ever reign.

The light of success, yet, lies still and free,  
Built of bright gold, from undulations brave.  
That through blood did march for sweet liberty,  
Determined our home and nation save.

## ACROSTICS.

On Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

X.

**F**AIR oaks, on thee my thoughts doth run,  
**A**ND natural rocks 'round me bend.  
**I**'VE spent with thee many contented winters,  
**R**OLLING thus to me ; spring, summer and autumn.  
**M**ORNING'S summer mounted steeds  
**O**N strangers heave their merry wreathes.  
**U**NFORTUNATE delightful measures  
**N**INE times the fouler on his breathless bosom.  
**T**ENDERING my safety, then for me.

**P**AVE the walks to overseen towers.  
**A**S yet, I can learn to survey those  
**R**USTIC ravines on the flaming orb of mine eye  
**K**INDLE, I must beg of thee, those fires burning in me.

---

On William Shakespeare, the greatest Dramatic  
Poet, born at Stratford, England, April 23, 1564.

XXVII.

**W**E esteem thy works, thou art the greatest heir of fame.  
**I** read thy brilliant deep thoughts, and try to explain

## ACROSTICS.

**L**ENGTH of days reap for thee, fountains of memory.  
**L**EAVING my heart, thus on the boom of liberty.  
**I** love the tide of deep chemicals, flowing from thee.  
**A**ND those sweet mental roses, thus blooming in lea.  
**M**IDDLEDOOM flight, stole upon thee, the dead of  
night.  
**S**LEEP, O thou noble fame, those silent mortal eyes,  
**H**APPY stars of fame, their golden beams lend much  
light.  
**A**VAILETH those bones, beneath hungry wolves boding  
cries  
**K**EY our hearts, with lambs of brilliant thoughts, pure  
and still.  
**E**XPIRED in me not, many wants I crave to drill.  
**S**ADLY toss'd between gloom and dread, thus on the  
hill  
**P**ALE, I'm gently toss'd on the wing of grief and gloom.  
**E**YES of youth, roll and burn, on temper's spacy room.  
**A**NOTHER tone, sweetly bewitch'd the honest brow,  
**R**INGING the cold flint of death, on our tender vow.  
**E**VE'S gloom, silent and still, doth mourn that noble  
brow.

.....

On John Milton, the great Poet of England.

## XVIII.

**J**UST a word, great Milton, my dear sir.  
**O**FT I brace that tombs carriage mourn, not to slur

## ACROSTICS.

**H**AVE found that sweet verse, Paradise Lost ;  
**N**UMBER'D its words on my bosom toss'd.

**M**EMORY shades the cold sleeping eye.  
**I**SLES melt into grief, where those bones lie.  
**L**EAD my thoughts to graze that noble dust.  
**T**HOU brilliant star, continue thou must  
**O**VER golden lamps of fame, revolve  
**N**ATURAL ; thou great, cannot thus dissolve.

.....

On the greatest American Poet,

Henry W. Longfellow.

### XXIX.

**H**ENRY ! my dear sir, on the carriage of fame  
**E**VERY noble bard, I see, thus speeding with thy  
name.  
**N**ATIONS, no doubt, love thy thoughts of fountains  
great  
**R**OLLING thus to me, on the current of late.  
**Y**ET, confronts the world of esteem'd literature.

**W**E cannot feed on noble currents truer.  
**A**N eye to the mystic tube of fiery ranks  
**D**ETERMINED to mourn those solitary banks  
**S**HIFT on me, the period of flight I esteem.

## ACROSTICS

**W**ADSWORTH, the center of forty numbers beam.  
**O**VER-turn'd patients on yonder hanging face  
**R**EAPS sweet blooming deeds, from many a chosen race  
**T**HOU star of seven seas, the sweet flowing verb,  
**H**ANGING on the hinge of fame, the golden word

**L**ET my verse now call upon thy gentle grace,  
**O**F such as wonders over the bar I trace.  
**N**OW lean penury within the pen doth dwell.  
**G**ENERAL subjects breed thus in the natural dell.  
**F**OR myself I can see modest arrows keen,  
**E**VER blooming roses wither not, yet unseen  
**L**END thou; O, I pray those guides of youth to mourn,  
**L**EARN'D in the sweet noun of patients we have borne  
**O**N that tomb, thy thoughts flow into numbers great  
**W**HO are owls, untrained, it's literature they hate.

-----

On the United States of America.

XXVI.

**U**NITED thorns from muddy fountains bloom not.  
**N**INETY times I note thy fame of noble stars.  
**I** must boast on our great marksmen's target lot.  
**T**HUS feed on our noble loyal national bars,



## ACROSTICS.

**E**NRICH all great nations of worthy powers.

**D**ANGEROUS battle ships to any foreign flag.

**S**AILS under stars and stripes, which shakes foreign  
bowers.

**T**HEIR merit respect that patriotic rag

**A**LL thoughts discontent' d on zealous limbs,

**T**AUNT' D with some jewels of a ghastly night.

**E**CHOES of narrow seas, in the lea-way trims.

**S**ILVER oars lie bent, toiling for truth and light,

**O**NLY welcome worthy lords on this soil.

**F**EED on cultivated deeds, of thee I boast,

**N**OT me; other men, serve the unworthy duke,

**O**BEY the law, learn ye, from the book of Luke

**R**EAP thus, historical remembrance toil,

**T**HEN turn, thus review the flag, I love the most.

**H**AVE I yet in thee, ten thousand errors note?

**A**ND all my love, is now mortgaged for thee.

**M**Y wishes borrow hope, on thy bosom mote,

**E**VER typed on the dial of my memory.

**R**EJOICE in thy tender, the base touches prone

**I** see stars and stripes motion another tone,

**C**ALLING to arms, its noble type of the brave

**A**ND protects freedom, our fathers died to save.

## ACROSTICS

XXXV.

### On the Life of the Hon. Jay Gould,

Among the Greatest and Most Honorable of our Great American  
Financiers, New York City, N. Y.

**J**UST character, not in the rear of affection,  
**A**S I see; but at the front of recollection.  
**Y**IELD financiers to those natural gifts on us beam.

**G**REATNESS, thee ; thou highest honor, fountains of  
esteem.  
**O**VER grades, the cold roaring steel of many a rod.  
**U**NEARTH thy skill, the noble gift o'er many a sod.  
**L**EANS on our rapid motion, this busy world,  
**D**ELIGHTFUL measures of thy skill, have on us  
furl'd.

-----

XXXVI.

### On the Death of the Hon. Jay Gould.

**J**UST sad, from many dear friends thou hast pass'd  
away.  
**A**RE most select; bright rose, but now thou doth  
decay.  
**Y**OUTHFUL, ornaments on fountains of skill, once  
bloom'd.  
**G**RACEFULLY plowing, furrows of fame on thy tomb.

## ACROSTICS

**O**UR morn and eve bloom, for love on thee, is not dead.  
**U**NDER wings pensive, the sport of twilight is fled  
**L**ET reason rule mortal thoughts, as once did this head.  
**D**ESTROY our pleasant dreams not, of this noble  
dead.

.....

### XXXVII.

#### On the Family of Vanderbilts.

The Great American Financiers of New York City, N. Y.

**F**AIREST roses crescent, alone grows not,  
**A**RE thy necessities embark'd then forgot.  
**M**ARKETS of stock, be the temple of wealth.  
**I**NTERNATIONAL skill thus breeding on health.  
**L**AY down on us the noble price of fame.  
**Y**IELD still, within the circuit of thy name.

**O**ATHS of worthy masters feed on thee.  
**F**AITH much gain'd, shall cure all disgrace in me.

**V**ENTURE thus, on rhetoric vapour vow.  
**A**IR in me is breath, breath is vapour now.  
**N**ECKED ; much without doubt, my thoughts doth  
seem  
**D**OMICILE walls retrieve, on many doubts, thus dream

## ACROSTICS.

**E**LUCIDATE the knowledge mark in thee.  
**R**UMINANT, herds, thus lowing o'er the lea.  
**B**IBLIOLATRY, thy homage speed, thus run.  
**I**NCIPIENCY to all, marks the free way.  
**L**ET reason worthy of rule mark the day.  
**T**ENDER pipes of shepherds, doth sound the deal.  
**S**CARCE without grace, could I in faith kneel.

## XXXVIII.

On the Central Park of New York City.

**C**HRIST hath said, O virtue without love, I grace no  
 merit in thee.  
**E**VIL pleasures mark no steps in thee, faith yet thrives  
 on charity  
**N**OON-TIDE shades dawn the evening sport, without  
 content is dead.  
**T**HEN our radiant meetings on the merry plains, with-  
 out hope is fled.  
**R**OCKS of silver fountains, within the coral belt of  
 honor.  
**A**NSWER me ; I beg of thee, I breathe the sweet scent  
 of a star.  
**L**AID in green, of many summers deep, O how I love  
 thee, sweet bud.  
  
**P**ARDON me, I flatter thee, not, for thy roses charm  
 the amber stud.  
**A**H ! on thee, I'll measure my heart, and my thoughts  
 on memory.  
**R**EAP thou the sweet scent of youth, in my heart it  
 beams much liberty,

## ACROSTICS.

**K**INDLE not familiar fires, but feed his flames with  
welcom'd fuel.

**O**N the plains our merry meetings shall be, there I'll  
prose no duel.

**F**EED not on false desire, nor on hope false, thus with-  
out hope, leave me not.

**N**EVER so rich and gaudy, was there a park, nor more  
fancy got.

**E**VERY brave capital of the heart, so justly stain'd ye  
adore

**W**HY do we not, kiss the keen fatal knife, his treachery  
on us bore.

**Y**OUTH may throw his shallow habits into policy  
dreams.

**O**F no idea to survey nor resurvey, those sweet fountain  
realms

**R**OSES in thee, grieve not, nor thorns grow by sweet  
merry lakes, thus appears.

**K**EEP in reserve, still the welcome custom, in porches of  
natural piers

**C**ENTRAL love most delightful to many hearts, which  
thus love thee dearly.

**I** cannot blame those pipes their sweet golden sound of  
notes so clearly

**T**HOU art the star of memory, delightful stories in thee  
breed,

**Y**EW shade merry seekers, in ravines, there by ivy  
fountains feed.

# ACROSTICS

## XLIV.

### ACROSTIC DRAMATIC POEM

On the Famous American Yacht Reliance.

SCENE I.

ACT I.

SIR THOMAS THE FIRST, RELIANCE II., SHAMROCK III.,  
SHAMROCK'S CREW IV.

RELIANCE *at her post. Enter to her* SHAMROCK.

II. **T**HERE is much space in me, I gladly muse on  
thee,  
**H**OW pure I cannot tell, O sweet Shamrock the  
third.  
**E**XERT ye much, ah ! still contend astern; I see.

**B**OLD ye to the winward stand, still of it; I've  
word.

**E**YE me if ye wish, the cup on this side will stay,

**A**H ! from European waters to American tide,

**U**P at once, come and spread your mainsail at  
my side.

**T**HAT in good grace, ye and I may drift down the  
bay.

**I** have something sweet, to thee, I would love to  
tell,

**F**ONDLY I tell thee, back home return, and there  
stay.

**U**P with sails, be off ; ye'll chandles me no more.  
Nay.

III.

II. **L**OW in tones, I hear the European commander  
yell.

## ACROSTICS

*Sir.* **Y**E have word, break-anchor, let us back home  
return.

*IV.* **A**H ! Sir, Thomas, sorry not am I, that to learn.

*Sir.* **C**AN'T yon little model sail. Yea, too much for us,

**H**OIST sails, break-anchor boys, let us be off,  
we're whipp'd.

*IV.* **T**RUE it be, Sir Thomas, sorry am I for us.

*II.* **R**OUND I turn, to accompany the fame I tripp'd,  
**E**VER sorry am I for thee, Shamrock the third.

**L**ET me quoth he, who at the helm, thee betray'd,

*III.* **I** know my loss is through he, and many races  
delay'd

*II.* **A**H ! I'm sorry for thee, my dear Shamrock the  
Third,

**N**OT in my rigging I'll sway your noble courage,

**C**ENTER'D thus in my heart, much grace of your  
steerage,

**E**VER I'll love your noble heroic courage.

\*\*\*\*\*

On the City of Camden N. J.

XXXIII.

**C**AN I, on thoughts of a traitorous gift,

**A**ND no wit, set a side that to drift.

**M**Y will is thine, thou most virtuous queen,

**D**AUGHTERS of thee, they in marriage seem.

## ACROSTICS.

**E**NVY not, sweet belles of other towns.  
**N**NATURAL, I hear the low ring of hounds.  
**N**EEDLING inhem'd nerves, in yon valley,  
**J**USTICE, thus through their veins doth rally.

.....

On the State of New Jersey.

## XXI.

**N**EARER the sea, our pleasure take delight.  
**E**RRATIC heroic natural, long thy coast,  
**W**ARBLE thus, before the stage of delight.  
**J**ASPER the visage of dreams I love the most,  
**E**ASTERN wives and beautiful dames by the sea.  
**R**ADICALLY, locks and crook'd curls know thee.  
**S**INGLE content'd damsels claim no carless pride,  
**E**XONORATION, crystal thus their amber guide.  
**Y**OUTH in noble caves of his sweet summer's birth.  
**S**CARCE they sight not, the beautiful American coast  
**T**HEN and there they bathe in that delightful surf.



## ACROSTICS.

**A**SK me of the inns, and of their mighty host.  
**T**HIS I tell, no foreign shore can equal ours.  
**E**MPIRES, kingdoms, tell of thy noted towers.

.....

### On the State of Maine

XXX.

**S**INCE knowledge of thee, thus speeding on desire, I'm  
determined  
**T**O pain thee not, nor strangers of thee with a haunt'd  
serment,  
**A**S I gaze on stars over the sea, involuntarily move,  
**T**HAT to speed with the current, thus ebbing on esteem  
to soothe.  
**E**VERY dove of thy golden age, have many a tale to  
tell.

**O**F critics, which patrol thy coast of beauty, and then  
through dell.  
**F**AIREST roses there bloom by the sea, and on those  
mountains fame.

**M**ODENA of forty worlds, thy tender breeding art the  
same.

**A**ND of many other states, I have in verse, as well as  
thee.

**I** cannot in pain, prose or rhyme, those gorgeous rocks  
by the sea.

**N**ARROW flows of boisterous seas, coast the bars of  
foreign love.

**E**VENING gaze toss'd between desire and dread in  
lea above.

## ACROSTICS

### On the Liberty Bell of Philadelphia United States of North America

#### XLI.

**L**ABURNUM, within thy gates, small and tender, but  
sweet and gorgeous.  
**I**DEALIZE, I do; thy tongue, the heroic knell canorous  
**B**UT to my heart is love, when I dream of thee, sweet  
liberty.  
**E**VENING stories, and sweet news of independent morn,  
delight thee.  
**R**OSE thou didst, from tears and bondage, to lead the  
life of living fame.  
**T**HAT; not to mourn the loss of victory, and blood of  
foreign game.  
**Y**ET, how clamorous American heroes be, in midst of  
battle.

**B**ACK, they see no loss, more brave, louder American  
guns rattle.  
**E**VER living stars and stripes, their cheerful smiles, to  
our aid doth lend.  
**L**ORD is love, the foundation of liberty, be his word,  
thus blend.  
**L**AY deep in our hearts, thou star of the brave, which  
did our bondage send.

.....

### On the National Capital of the United States of N. A.

#### XLII.

**W**ITHIN the boundaries of that law-making body  
**A**H ! who can remorse, or with crime embellish.  
**S**AY ; no wonder that impenetrable body.  
**H**AVE; and yet, is built of grace, the brave relish.

## ACROSTICS.

**I** see beaming on victory's satiety.  
**N**ATIONAL stars, on our noble banners of the brave.  
**G**ATHERING there yet, virtue's grace, and society  
**T**ONS of power, be the beauty of architrave.  
**O**F its chief, I cannot, too much virtue grace.  
**N**ATIONAL in us, thou star of this noble race.  
  
**D**ID not our father's blood, survey this noble track,  
  
**C**HARGED, set us free, twenty-seven, one hundred  
years back?

.....

## XVII.

On the City of Cambridge, Md.

**C**ONQUEROR of the brave, weigh thy richly tons,  
**A**ND measure justice, yet not freely gone.  
**M**ERRY dreams, thus collegued with delightful runs,  
**B**ACK to thee, justice flows, thus surrendering on.  
**R**EAP the pure fame of wealth, his products richly  
**I**N deep thinking furrows, advance suppress crime.  
**D**ANGER types the innocent in narrow locks,  
**G**ENTLY to ages dark, full of blood and time,  
**E**VER suppress the dark pain, which cannot rime.

## ACROSTICS

### On the City of Philadelphia, Pa.

#### XI.

**P**RAISE ye the fountain of fame,  
**H**EAL thus every mortal spray.  
**I** see brave political deeds,  
**L**IFT the victorious veil,  
**A**ND breed on us prosperity.  
**D**EFEND the polish'd yoke of industry,  
**E**VERY pure orb on his mortal base,  
**L**IES within boundaries they survey.  
**P**ASSIONATE pilgrims gently flee,  
**H**EAPING up desire on their last content'd flight.  
**I** shall esteem the wind and tide of fortune,  
**A**T the fountain of dreams flowing thus.

.....

### On the State of Pennsylvania

#### XII.

**P**URE desire on thee, breeds but mortal taste,  
**E**ARLS thus mounted on safety steeds,  
**N**OT to me they bloom; for I am but dust,  
**N**OTHING I say on thy track breeds disgrace on thee,  
**S**AY, we must hate the idle moments on us beam,

### ACROSTICS.

Yoke together content'd roses thus blooming on our  
 LEAVE us not I tenderly beg, to the world's pity.  
 VOLUNTAIRLY import'd strangers move thus,  
 AND record these rapid ages pounding on natural rocks,  
 NEARER to us, on our bosom gently rebound.  
 I see contention in flourishing mines, inclined to bloom,  
 AT one stroke of arbitration, it declines and withers.

On the Town of Denton, Md.

**D**ELIGHTFUL shores measure my dreams which run  
**E**VER breeding thus, on the mortal son.  
**N**ATURE doth excavate where fountains beam,  
**T**HREATENING veins breed thus, a cold merry  
 stream.  
**O**N banks of health, there's many a happy star,  
**N**OW on us, ever seals his worthy bar.

# On the State of Maine

## XLV.

**M**AKE thyself a glorious sunbeam,  
**A**ND the light of peace, on the rock of danger,  
**I**N passionate seas, on boisterous lakes,  
**N**INETY times the tireless gull winds his free way to  
 thee,  
**E**VERY noble minute thus speeding, I crave to recall.







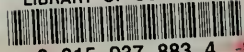








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